

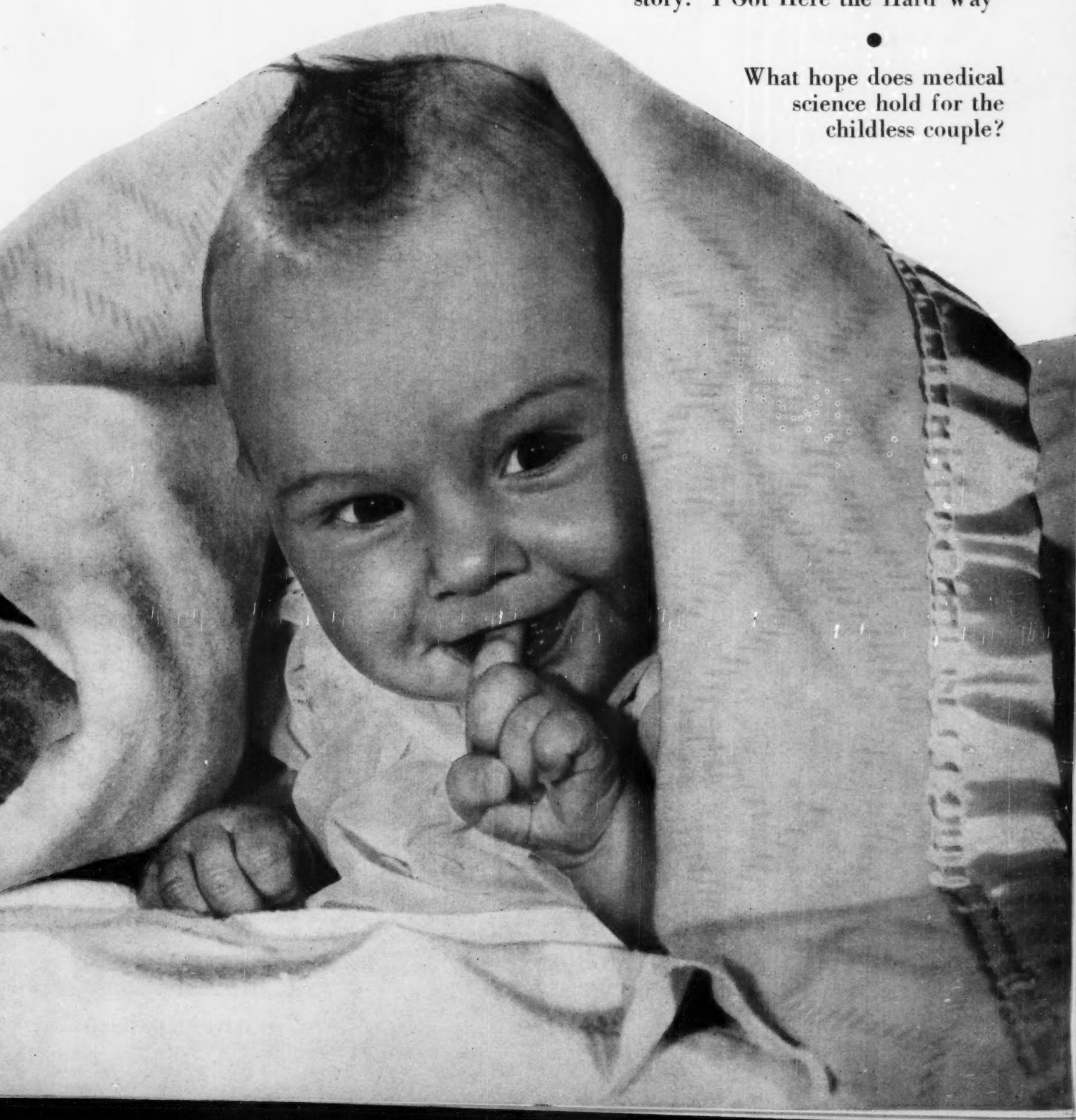
Chatelaine

FEBRUARY 1952 • 15 CENTS

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

CLAIRE WALLACE begins her exciting life
story: "I Got Here the Hard Way"

•
What hope does medical
science hold for the
childless couple?



how to get value in your Carpet

Your carpet is the most important item in your decorating schemes. Choose it carefully . . . for appearance . . . for *wear*.

You'll find no carpet offers you so much pleasure and comfort *for so long a time* as a Harding! Choose from a variety of patterns in traditional all wool weaves or exciting new Harding blends —at prices to suit any pocket. The Harding label is your guarantee of *value*—in looks and luxury for years to come.

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Harding's Carvecraft Broadloom—

the perfect foundation for your decorating schemes . . . a high-pile sculptured texture with that hand-crafted look. The new tone-on-tone gives you plain colour and pattern in one carpet.

Loomed to last by skilled Canadian craftsmen from finest selected wools.

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The four precooked cereals

that tempt his appetite
and help him grow



Exclusive . . . Convenient . . . Hygienic

Only Pablum packages have the exclusive "Handy-Pour" spout. It opens and closes with a flick of the finger, makes pouring easy, and keeps baby's cereal safe.

New!



*Registered Trademark

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**MEAD JOHNSON & CO.
OF CANADA, LTD., BELLEVILLE, ONT.**

A WORD OF COUNSEL

Take your child regularly to the doctor. Let him add his skill and knowledge to your own loving care.

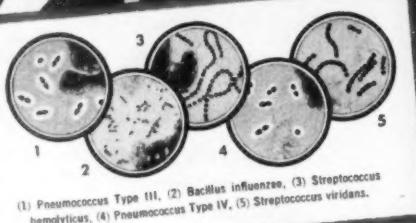
For the most precious person in your life



TESTS OVER A 12-YEAR PERIOD SHOWED

FEWER COLDS...SORE THROATS for LISTERINE users

Safe Antiseptic reaches
way back on throat surfaces
to attack germs
before they attack you!



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types. These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or tight throat due to a cold.

This delightful medication may spare you a miserable siege of discomfort. Moreover, if Listerine Antiseptic is used regularly it can often help head off a cold and accompanying sore throat, or lessen their severity.

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Don't forget, research made over a 12-year period in big industrial plants showed that:

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You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills mil-

lions of germs on the throat surfaces. Among them are "secondary invaders" which can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body en masse.

Listerine Antiseptic helps halt the invasion, guard against infection.

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Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%. Even an hour afterward these bacteria were reduced as much as 80%. That's fighting an infection the way it should be fought.

Again we repeat, whatever else you do, at the first sign of trouble gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, (Canada) Ltd.

At the first symptom of a cold...
Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Made in Canada

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NUMBER 2

Cover photograph by James B. Hardy

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NEW EDITOR OLD FRIEND



JOHN STEELE

After 316 articles, Lotta Dempsey couldn't wait to get started again.

Lotta Dempsey becomes Chatelaine's editor with this issue, although because a national magazine must be planned far in advance it will be a month or two before her presence will begin to make itself fully felt again in these pages. We say "again," because if Miss Dempsey is a new editor she is an old friend to many thousands of Chatelaine readers.

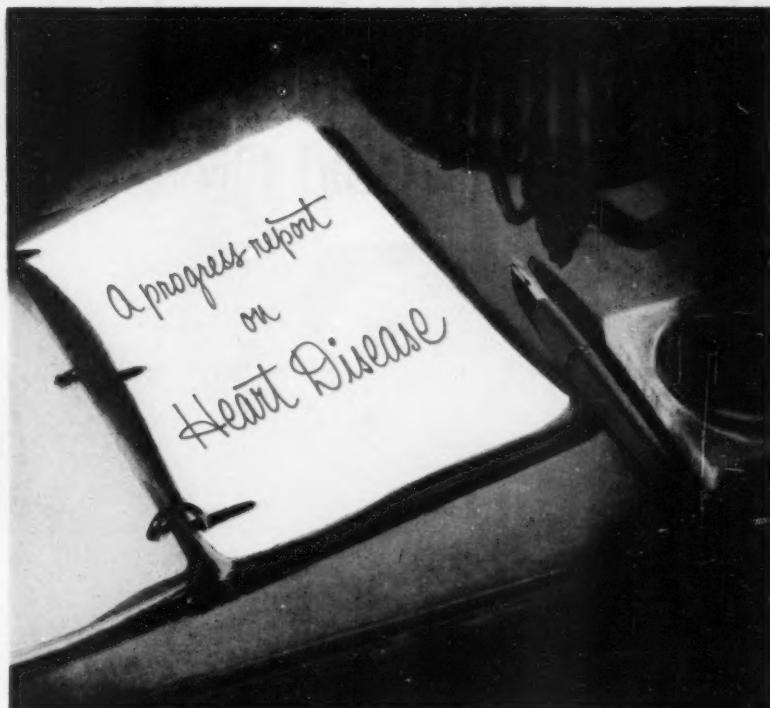
She first came to the magazine in 1935 from the Edmonton Journal, and in the subsequent fifteen years she has written an amazing total of 316 Chatelaine articles, features and special columns covering everything from beauty and fashion to movie stars and the menace of the sex criminal. She has also found time to become a successful wife (to Toronto architect Richard A. Fisher) and mother (to son Donald, now twelve) and to absent herself on lengthy assignments with the CBC, Wartime Prices and Trade Board and, latterly, as a columnist with the Toronto Globe and Mail—but she never stopped writing for Chatelaine.

When she was named to succeed her friend and former editor, Byrne Hope Sanders, "as of January 1," Lotta Dempsey began dropping in at the office, apologetically but enthusiastically, a week ahead of time, bristling with ideas tapped out on her typewriter "at four a.m. when I couldn't sleep." Both her old friends and new associates on Chatelaine's staff know that Editor Dempsey's kind of insomnia is only too likely to prove catching—and that the result to both old and new friends among Chatelaine's million readers will be an even livelier and more stimulating Chatelaine in months to come.

PAUL ROCKETT



Every Monday morning Chatelaine's editorial board meets to plan future issues. Here Associate Editors Almeda Glassey, Gerald Anglin and Editor Lotta Dempsey discuss layouts with Art Director Stanley Furnival.



RESEARCH on diseases of the heart and blood vessels has brought impressive advances that are helping to save many lives today.

Recurrent attacks of rheumatic fever—the chief threat to the hearts of children—may be prevented by penicillin or other drugs. New hormone compounds are also proving helpful in treating acute rheumatic fever, even in cases in which the heart has been seriously impaired.

Diseases of the arteries that nourish the heart can be treated more effectively now than ever before with certain drugs that prevent the formation or spread of blood clots. Studies show that under ideal conditions mortality from these causes was reduced about one-third by the proper use of these drugs.

Great strides have been made in curing infections of the valves of the heart. Heretofore, such infections were nearly always fatal. Today, two out of three cases are cured.

In addition, other research studies point to progress in the detection and treatment of various heart disorders.

Even with these and other advances, diseases of the heart and

blood vessels continue to be the greatest hazard to life. Hundreds of thousands of Canadians are affected by them, and they account for about 32 percent of the total mortality in our country.

Authorities say, however, that much can be done to help protect the heart, and reduce the toll from heart disease. Here are some measures they recommend:

1. Do not ignore possible warnings of heart trouble: pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, rapid or irregular beating of the heart, shortness of breath, and excessive fatigue. Such symptoms are often of nervous origin, but their true meaning should be determined by the doctor.

2. Have periodic medical check-ups. Everyone, especially those middle-aged or over, should have periodic medical examinations. Such check-ups generally insure that if heart trouble should occur, it will be detected early, when the chances of successful control are best.

3. Follow a routine of healthful living. Such a routine should include a nourishing diet, getting plenty of rest and sleep, trying to avoid tension, and keeping weight at normal or below. The latter is especially important as extra weight is a contributing factor to several types of heart trouble.

Today, thousands of people with normal lives simply by faithfully following the doctor's instructions. Among the groups aiding research on heart disease is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, in which 143 Life insurance companies participate. Since 1945, the Fund has contributed nearly 4 million dollars to support studies on heart and blood vessel disorders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Please send me a copy
of your booklet, 22-L,
entitled "Your Heart."



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Maureen O'Hara marvels at amazing new penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream!



It cleanses more thoroughly!

This lovely motion picture star is thrilled with penaten, the wonder-agent which allows all the rich, softening oils in Woodbury Cream to penetrate so much deeper, so much more thoroughly! Removes dirt—even studio make-up.



It softens more easily!

Glamorous Maureen—starring in Universal International's "FLAME OF ARABY" (color by Technicolor)—finds that penaten helps Woodbury Cold Cream soften dirt, and remove it, so much more easily! Leaves skin soft, wonderfully supple.



It leaves you lovelier!

You can tell—right away—how infinitely smoother your skin will feel after a heavy Woodbury Cold Cream treatment! Buy Woodbury Cold Cream—with penaten today! (Only 23¢, 45¢, 78¢ and \$1.15.)
(MADE IN CANADA)

88 KEYS TO BEDLAM

BY JACK SCOTT

A father can take just so many thousand scales before he ships the piano back to Heintzman's

The piece my daughter was to play on the pianoforte at Miss Smedley's annual recital was "The Pussywillow Brigade" (in E-flat, four-four time), and I awaited her appearance with a loathing that could be felt only by a man who has heard "The Pussywillow Brigade" 8,000 times.

I had dreaded the recital, anyway. Some natural instinct told me it would be a night of agony—the longest night of the year.

For one thing, Miss Smedley's "little people," as she likes to call them, if laid end to end, would have stretched nine city blocks. They paraded to the platform, one on the patent-leather heels of the other, to lisp about the pansies in their garden or The Good Ship Lollipop.

One unhappy tot, fingers nervously destroying her pigtails, recited a Gracie Fields' novelty called "What's the Good of a Birthday?" in a Lancashire dialect that had my skin crawling and my fists clenching and unclenching.

She was followed instantly by a small, glum youth in velveteen pants who rendered "Men of Harlech" in a voice like chalk on a slate and who dissolved into tears when the last tiny note soared off into nothing.

As each moppet concluded her ordeal and spurted for the safety of the wings, in possession of a new, lifelong set of inhibitions, there would be a moment of stunned silence. Then the lonely sound of two people clapping their hands would be heard. These would be the loved ones of the deceased since each child had its own personal plaque. This was the signal for all of us to burst into hysterical applause and huzzahs, a demonstration of utter relief.

The plaudits would still be ringing when the next of Miss Smedley's horde would be mounting the steps to the stage. A small, wooden-faced boy, his eyes staring hypnotically over our heads . . . he wouldn't! He couldn't. But, yes, he was going to recite Kipling's "If." And I noted that Miss Smedley was standing at the exit, her eyes hard, determined that no one would make a break for it.

It soon became evident that my own flesh and blood and her interminable salute to the pussywillows was to be very late in the program—probably next Tuesday, at this rate—and so I had plenty of time to reflect gloomily on what the piano had done to our once happy home.

Looking back, I could see that the piano had been all my wife's doing. She, herself, claims to have studied the instrument for 12 long years and can still play the first five bars of "The Road to Mandalay," or a reasonable facsimile.

"We can't deny her the urge to express herself," my wife said one night when we were discussing our daughter and the next thing I knew I was signing a contract for 12 monthly payments, there was a second-hand upright, and Miss Smedley at our throats.

The first two weeks with the piano were rather a lark, I'll say that.

My wife played her own arrangement of the first five bars of "The Road to Mandalay" until it was obvious that her memory was,



Drawing by Winter

mercifully, never going to carry her to the part where the dawn comes up like thunder.

Arrangements were swiftly made with Miss Smedley, for our daughter was delirious with ambition to become a child prodigy.

In more sober moments I gave the piano fever 10 days to subside. It took only a week. By this time our daughter had discovered that there was an appalling amount of hard labor required before she was ready for radio. She began to talk about breeding rabbits.

In less than a month I had come to look upon the upright as a suitable exhibit in the torture display of Madame Tussaud's wax works.

A man can hear just so many thousand scales and an emasculated version of "Dance of the Rainbow Fairies" before the pupils of his eyes begin to dilate. My fierce glow of pride in my daughter's progress had cooled to ashes.

This naturally brought us to the period known to every parent of a prodigy, the time when the child is lashed to the stool, threatened with a buggy whip and provided with the basis for a lifelong hatred of music.

I would watch her as she sat squirming on the stool, eyes like a whipped spaniel, occasionally pushing down a key as if she were establishing naked contact with 20,000 volts of electricity.

The sight was almost too much for a sensitive person to endure, particularly one weakened by 15 minutes of scales. The temptation was to pat the poor child on the head, unlock it and let it out into the green and happy world of untalented children.

Indeed, I was about to do this when Miss Smedley's annual recital drew near. It was then that our daughter came home with a new determination and the music of "The Pussywillow Brigade," her contribution to Miss Smedley's mass onslaught against sanity.

Over and over, day and night, I heard that refrain. I began to dream of pussywillows, millions of them, marching on the road to Mandalay, pussywillows doing the dance of the rainbow fairies, up and down the scale . . .

I was brought to my senses, and only just in time, by the awful wailing of a violin. I was back at the recital and another of Miss Smedley's little wonders was finishing her performance. An imitation Stradivarius was crying "Uncle."

There was the usual silence, then the burst of applause and then it happened. As I lowered my numbed hands I saw a vision of loveliness mounting the platform. For an instant I could not believe it was my own daughter, so ethereal did she seem.

Then she was at the piano. Never had such music poured forth! One could almost see the brigades of pussywillows bowing their heads in the spring zephyrs, or whatever it is pussywillows do. It was over all too soon and then she was gone. Suddenly I found myself on my feet, applauding wildly and glaring about at the other parents. Distinctly I could hear someone shouting "Bravo!"

It was me. *



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For that neat, natural look rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, at temples.

To help correct a permanent that left your hair dry, stiff and fuzzy, pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the palm of your hand and rub on those brittle ends.

For a dry, tight scalp pour a few drops of soothing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on fingertips

and massage scalp thoroughly but gently.

Remember, new Lady Wildroot is a feminine hair dressing, a cream hair dressing made especially for women's hair. Not sticky!

Not greasy! It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry hair, to give it more body, make it more manageable, help it keep that neat, natural look. Delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity. Wonderful for training children's hair, too.



Personal size 60¢ . . .
Dressing-table size \$1.20

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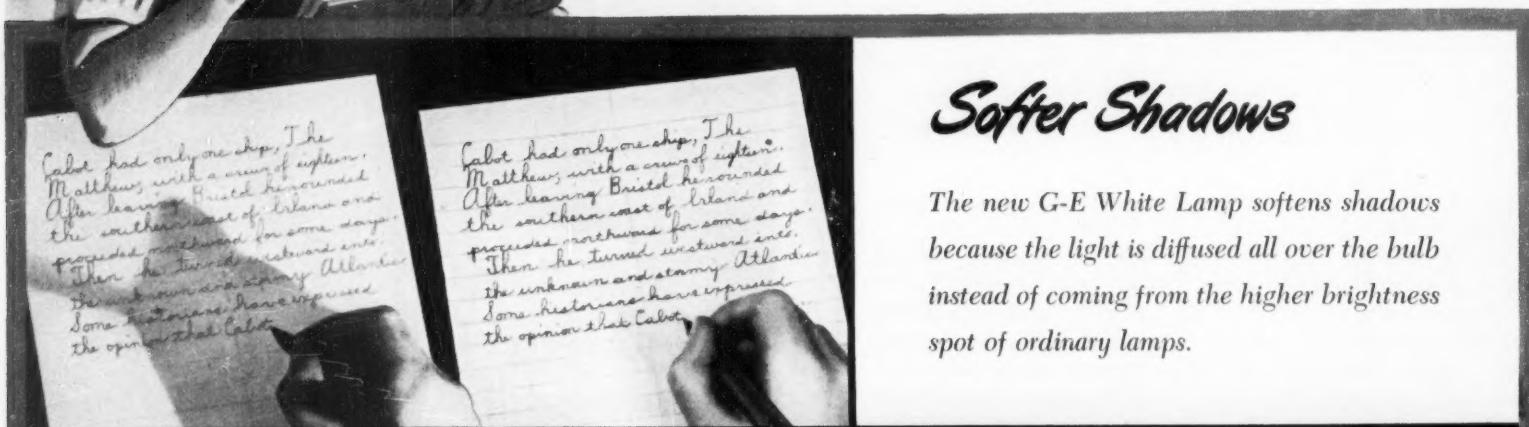
Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.



Revolutionary New lamp

-designed for study, reading, all "close" work—
lessens risk of eyestrain

General Electric lamp research has developed a new kind of lamp bulb that gives more light with nearly perfect diffusion. It is the greatest step forward since the introduction of the inside frosted lamp in 1926.

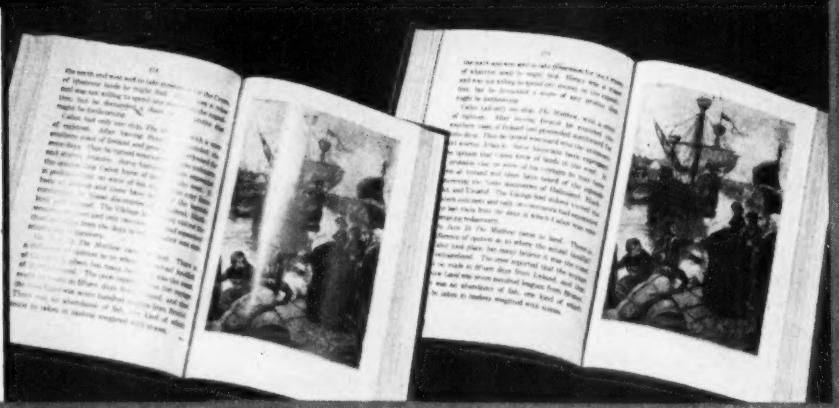


Softer Shadows

The new G-E White Lamp softens shadows because the light is diffused all over the bulb instead of coming from the higher brightness spot of ordinary lamps.

Less Glare

There is less glare where any part of the lamp is exposed. The White Lamp's greater diffusion reduces reflected glare from glossy objects. Reading, sewing and other activities are made easier.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

NEW WHITE LAMP

THIS NEW KIND OF LAMP BULB spreads the light over the entire surface of the bulb. Its light is much softer and better diffused. Annoying shadows are softened — reflections from glossy surfaces are greatly reduced.

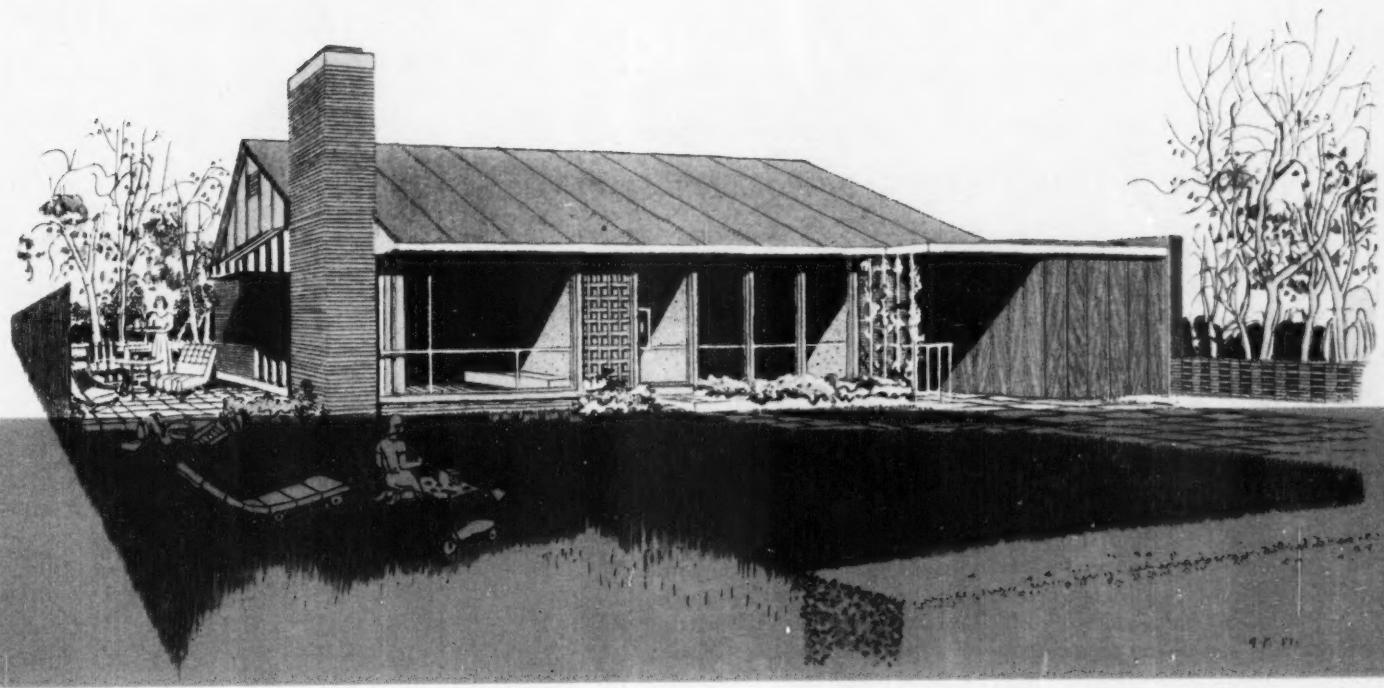
Both lighted and unlighted, this General Electric

"White" Lamp has a clean-white beauty that lasts for the life of the bulb. It's particularly desirable where any portion of the bulb is exposed—for instance, in table or floor lamps. This remarkable new lamp—in 60 watt, 100 watt and Tri-Lite—is available now wherever lamps are sold.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
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Head Office: Toronto — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast



Mrs. Majority's House...

We asked 2,000 Chatelaine Councilors



to tell us what sort of a



house

they'd like to live in. To avoid all dreamy star



gazing, we asked them 28

practical questions about their families' needs and tastes and what price



they could pay. Then we took the answers



to a team of top-flight architects

and asked them to design

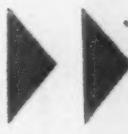


a "composite house" that would include all the

majority findings. The exciting result



is shown on these pages.



Mrs. Majority's House...

For the first time—a home to satisfy known needs of most Canadian families, reported by 2,000 Chatelaine Councilors

Half-a-million new homes have pushed down foundations and pushed up roofs and chimneys in Canada since the war, in a furious program to try to satisfy the living needs of Canada's constantly growing population. Garish "dream houses" taken to nightmare extremes clash with superbly functional "ranch style" homes, and both are threatened by the spreading flood of monotonous box-style bungalows and story-and-a-halves.

But in all this are Canadians getting the sort of homes they really want and need? Until recently no one had ever asked them—but now for the first time it is possible for an architect to design a home which satisfies the *known* living requirements of the broad majority of Canadian families. It is the house pictured on these pages.

We call it Mrs. Majority's House because it expresses the practical needs and desires of a majority of 2,000 representative Canadian women from coast to coast. To these members of Chatelaine's Consumer Council were mailed detailed questionnaires (How many bedrooms does your family need? Would you build of brick, stone or frame? Do you want a separate dining room?) which they were asked to fill out only after close study of the questions with their husbands.

As the answers poured in it became apparent that Canadians are *not* getting the type of house most of them want, which looks neither like a flying wing nor a cherry box. Canadian housekeepers want modern-style picture windows but not if these are going to frustrate useful furniture arrangement. They go along with the modern trend toward the one-story home, but they still want a basement underneath and a sloping roof on top—the "flattop" is voted down.

The Toronto architects Gibson and Pokorny eagerly accepted Chatelaine's challenge to design a house to satisfy these majority needs of Canadian families, and the result surpassed highest expectations in the matter of styling, comfort and convenience. And yet it remains Mrs. Majority's House—tailored to the specifications laid down by 2,000 members of Chatelaine's Consumer Council.

From outside its large glass areas demand attention, while at the same time warm red brick and stained wood siding give a mellow glow that is both homely and inviting. The interior gives an impression of spaciousness without wasting a square inch, and the over-all effect is a gracious projection of family intimacy and friendly hospitality.

Cost of building Mrs. Majority's House is difficult to estimate accurately because climatic conditions and available materials vary so widely in Canada. The architects say \$15,000 would be about right, but variations of 20% more or less are to be expected. As to building prospects, mortgage credit has eased slightly from 1951 restrictions, and as the new year began both labor and materials (except for some steel items) were in good supply.

TO OBTAIN BLUEPRINTS of Mrs. Majority's House: Send \$10 by cheque or money order to "Blueprints," Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario, for which you will be sent six copies of the complete working drawings prepared by the architects.

HERE ARE THE PRACTICAL, LIVABLE FEATURES WOMEN ASKED US TO PUT IN THE HOUSE

CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS in Mrs. Majority's House represent generous use of brick, glass and wood, because 2,000 Chatelaine Councilors polled on their housing needs showed slight preference for combining traditional brick with other materials, as opposed to all-brick.

ONE-STORY DESIGN caters to 53% demand for a house that's all on one floor—but 85% still insist on having a basement. This is typical of survey results which show desire to incorporate best modern developments without going "whole hog."

PICTURE WINDOWS that link outdoors with indoors, dress front and side of Mrs. Majority's House. Sixty per cent asked for big windows provided these do not interfere with effective furniture arrangements. For smaller windows, ordinary "up and down" variety won the favor of 74%, in preference to casement windows.

SEPARATE DINING ROOM was provided because a strong 43% asked to retain this traditional feature, remainder being divided about combining it with kitchen or living room. But in view of 60% desire for breakfast nook and a strong preference for entertaining at home (70%), architects devised a novel snack bar between kitchen and living room.

SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM is planned with conversational grouping of furniture around fireplace. Large open area permits easy circulation of guests. French doors give access to terrace.

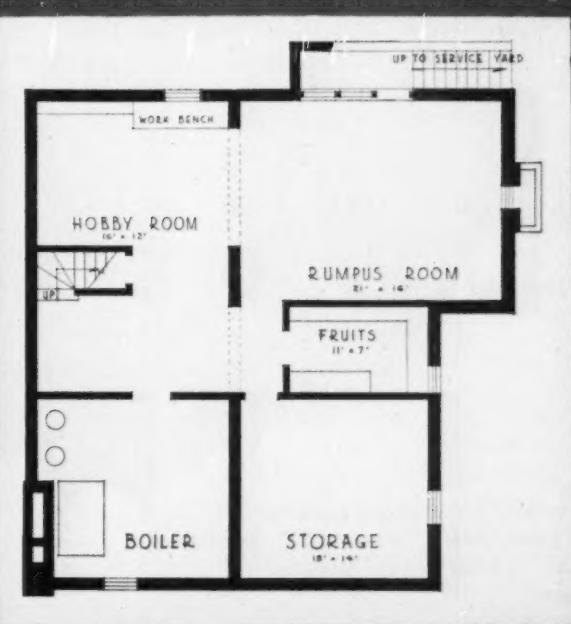
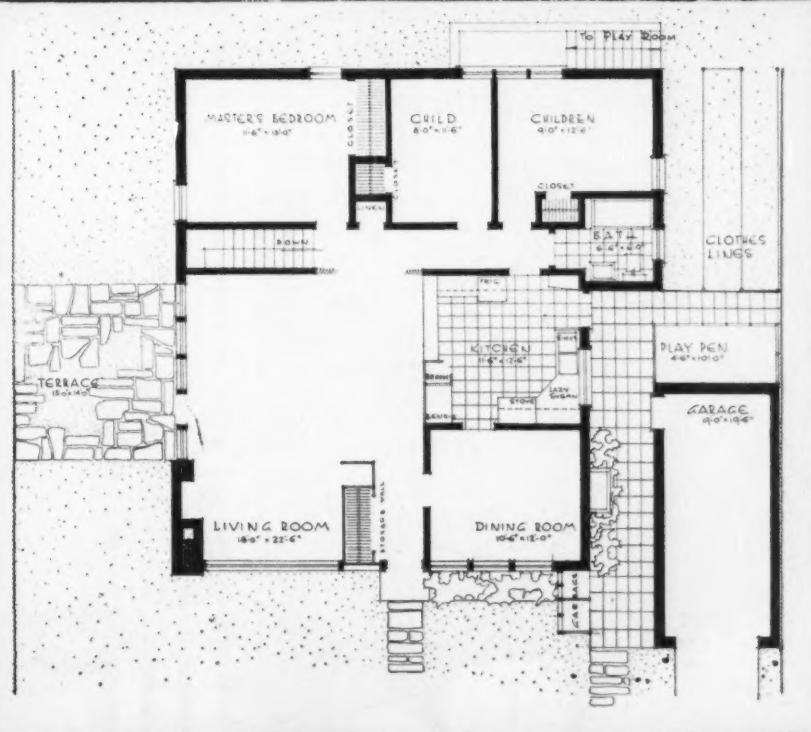
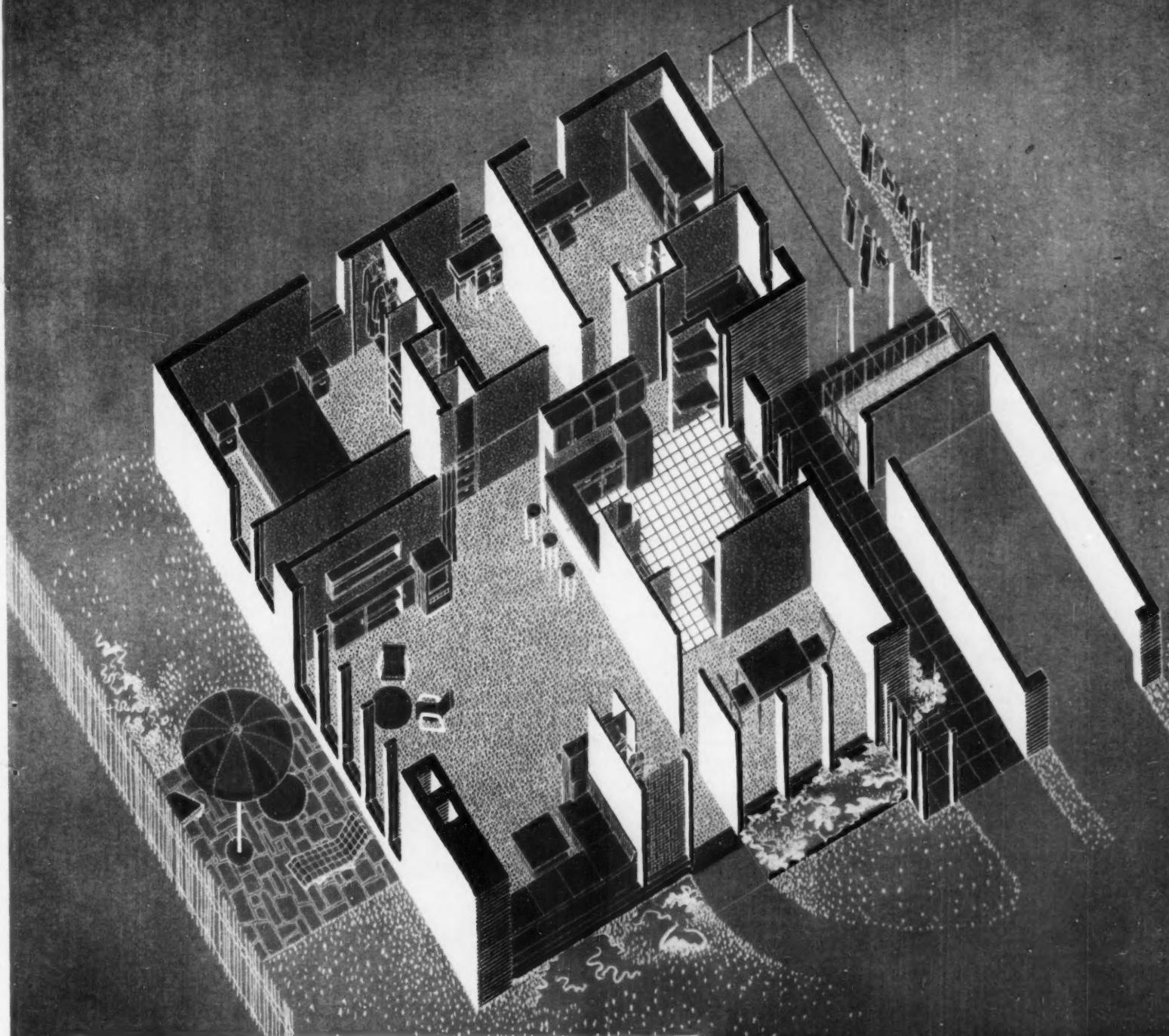
THREE BEDROOMS are located at rear to form a "quiet zone" isolated from the active living and working portions of the house. More than half the families wanted three bedrooms, but said they'd like to have one bedroom double as a den.

EFFICIENT KITCHEN incorporates laundry, as preferred by 50% of Chatelaine housewives. With ample cupboards and work surfaces, footsteps, bending and stretching are reduced to a minimum.

HOBBY ROOM off basement rumpus room, was included because 60% have special leisure time interests that require work space.

OUTDOOR FEATURES which add to home enjoyment are drying yard, easily supervised built-in playpen, and a covered passageway to garage. An outside entrance to rumpus room was included so children don't have to track through the house.

IDEAL LOT would have 60 feet frontage. Average size preferred was 53 feet wide by 120 feet deep. Fifty-nine per cent of councilors interviewed want to live in towns or suburbs, only 16% in cities.



*It sounded like double talk
to Bill when Vanny asked, "Which one
of you is you?" For, according to her . . .*



EVERYBODY'S TWO PEOPLE

It began around two o'clock in the morning when Bill woke to hear this whanging on his door, bam, bam, bam. For a minute or two he thought the whole thing was going on in his head, one of those dreams you dream you're dreaming. But there it was again, bam, bam, bam!

"Open up," a hoarse voice said. "Open up. Police."

There was a full moon beyond the dinky window, an early winter moon casting a frosty eye on the litter of Bill's one-room apartment. He never wasted time picking things up. The moon revealed the clock, and the clock said two a.m. Bill yawned and rolled over and thought what a dismal world it was where a drunk could wake a sober man in the name of the law.

"Open up! Open up!" That hoarse voice, bellowing this time. A rough hand shaking his doorknob.

"Push along, flatfoot," Bill said wearily. "You've got the wrong house." But the clamor continued, and Bill got sick of it and jumped out of bed and headed for the door, his bare toes curling back in horror from the cold boards slapping past beneath his feet. "Listen, Joe," Bill said, yanking the door open and offering mayhem with his doubled fist.

Three policemen stood there, waiting for him. One of them thrust a blue arm toward the light switch while the other two came on in and looked at what there was to be seen as though they were in a bargain basement. Bill stood there, naked to the waist the way he always slept, getting colder and madder with every breath he drew.

"You been asleep?" the big red-headed copper said.

"Not since you got here with your little hatchet."

"Another wise guy," this from the one who was about Bill's size, short, chunky. He was used to wise guys, they never said

anything he hadn't heard. He looked around the room again and squatted down to peer under the bed. "He don't sweep too often, Sullivan," he said.

"You got a gun in here?" the red-head, Sullivan, said.

"No," Bill said. "I sleep with my tomahawk. You lose your gun?"

"Listen," Sullivan said patiently, "there's a lot of people I've got to talk to night after night. Tonight it happens to be everybody on this floor, and maybe some below. You don't like being hauled out of bed at this time of night, and I don't like doing it to you. Get a bathrobe on. You're turning blue. What I'm asking is, did you know the old lady living next door to you here, name of Adkins, Dorabelle Adkins?"

"Sure I know her," Bill said. "I almost got her lured down to the lake for drowning one day, but I found out she knows how to swim."

"She make trouble for you sometimes, maybe?"

"She's a screecher," Bill said. "I'm sitting here studying and she goes down the hall to use the telephone and she screeches, 30 minutes, 40 minutes, one hour. After that she thinks she'll take the elevator. Always riding the elevator, keeping an eye on who's going up and who's coming down, screeching all the time. When there's nobody else to talk to she's screeching at the elevator boy, Lafe. He's seventy-two and he's patient. I'm not."

Sullivan cut him off.

"You hear a shot tonight?" he said.

No, Bill said, he hadn't. He was beginning to wake up and he reached for his coat, slung over a chair, to find his package of cigarettes. With his coat in

Continued on page 48

By NORMA MANSFIELD

Illustrated by Jack Bush





"The police are awfully smart," Vanny remarked, irrelevantly. "It was a short chunky man I saw, but it wouldn't be very helpful if I wasn't able to recognize him."



After fast rise as Toronto Star stunt writer Claire quit in 1934 to try London's Fleet Street, and almost starved.



When a Star editor wouldn't hire her Claire plotted to sneak her stories into the paper. Later in radio she lured an Eskimo family to her studio, and learned to fly to reach stories that wouldn't come to her.

I GOT HERE By THE HARD WAY

Claire Wallace



At 16 the humiliated beanstalk talked only to schoolmate Stella Cameron, who was "almost as shy as I was."

Tony is a fine man who deserves and appreciates his success. When I asked him to name the most important factors in his well-worked-out life, he surprised me by saying:

"The disappointments, frustrations and hard times I've had. It's those hungry times, heartaches and struggles, the tough things you've beaten, that build character and give

I interviewed singing star Tony Martin the other day for one of my coast-to-coast radio talks. He was in Hollywood, I was in Toronto; long-distance, bless her little heart, got us together.

you a feeling of worth-while accomplishment. There's true happiness only if you've taken your knocks and learned your lessons on the way up.

"Don't you agree?" Tony queried.

At more than \$1-a-minute long-distance I didn't stop to discuss this with Tony, but it's an idea I have often thought of myself. I know what Tony said is the truest thing in life—if you reach the peaks of success and happiness, life has a way of smacking you down periodically into depths of terror, tragedy or despair.

I've seen this demonstrated time and again in the lives of people I've met—but in no one's life more than my own. My career as

a newspaperwoman and in radio has brought me success beyond anything I could ever have hoped for—but I shudder to remember the cruel setbacks, some of the horrors faced and the hurdles I've had to clear along the way.

Being a writer, columnist and broadcaster is a thrilling, satisfying, well-paying career. It brings adventure, exciting travels, the opportunity of meeting the world's most famous; it means a share of good clothes and worldly possessions. Better than all this, I am happily married to a handsome and marvellous man and we enjoy our home and life together. I am the proud mother of a fine son doing well in newspaper work, and can now boast two



"Princess Loud - voice - heard over-the-land" yearly outfits an Indian youth for high school.



Prior to Australian accident that almost put her to bed forever, Claire interviewed Sharkey the Seal on coast-to-coast net. He blew a horn and his nose.



Claire has also "guested" "Rosie the Bear" (who sang "Now is the Hour"), a deer and a cobra. She has less company now that she broadcasts from her home.



For once Claire listens as reporter son Wally Belfry regales Grandmother Wallace, stepfather Jim Stutt, wife Margarita and his sons. Home is wired to CFRB so Claire can "wax" her daily talks from sunroom for broadcast from twenty Canadian stations.

darling grandsons. A fortunate person indeed, and I am very grateful for the privileges and happiness that have come to me.

But success and happiness have come my way strictly on a pay-as-you-go basis—and sometimes the price has seemed high.

My first marriage, which when it began meant my whole life to me, ended heartbreakingly in divorce; and at that same time my little son was menaced by an illness that threatened to cripple him for life.

Forced to earn my own living, it seemed I should have little difficulty getting a start in the newspaper business because my brothers were in it—but they determined to keep me out for my own good and I had to work my

way in strictly by my wits. Then just when I began getting somewhere, my job and everything I loved was threatened by a blackmailer.

I decided to try my luck in London's Fleet Street, heart of British newspaperdom, and nearly starved before I got a footing. Back in Canada I switched careers completely and found a thrilling new joy in radio—but when I had reached the top and had the highest listener rating of any woman broadcaster, a tempest in a political teapot got me fired. Once more I had to pick myself up and, just when my broadcasts were going great guns again, a shattering accident put me right out of business and all but wrecked my career and my life for good.

And, from my first assignment for a Toronto newspaper in 1930 to my broadcast this very day, I have been dogged by the worst hazard of all—a terrifying shyness. It began in schooldays when I found myself gangling upward until I thought I was going to be the tallest woman in the world. I still hate my height (I'm as secretive about my inches as most women are of their ages) and to this day my resulting nervousness fills me with complete panic every time I start to make a broadcast or a speech.

To overcome this I've talked faster and faster until, in sixteen years of five and fifteen-minute talkfests, I've poured out ten million words on *Continued on page 43*

TRUE OR FALSE?

- 1 *The husband is at fault in about 50% of childless marriages.*
- 2 *For every woman there is a certain time each month when she can conceive.*
- 3 *Emotional disturbances can prevent conception.*
- 4 *Induced abortions can make a woman permanently sterile.*

- 5 *Prolonged use of contraceptives causes feminine sterility.*
- 6 *Sterility is often the combined result of factors affecting both parties.*
- 7 *If you adopt a child you're sure to have a child yourself.*
- 8 *No treatment can help the sterile husband.*
- 9 *Ignorance and prejudice cause many couples to remain childless.*
- 10 *Sterility clinics are available in most large Canadian hospitals.*

When Susie Perkins was a little girl she used to say, "When I grow up I want to get married and have lots of children." Family friends who exclaimed, "How sweet!" were still around to murmur "How sad!" when Susie was 30, and still childless. She had married early, and her husband was eager for a houseful of youngsters, but for some reason or other they just didn't come. Susie and her husband were surprised and perplexed.

Yet their situation is only too common. Today doctors estimate that *one in every eight marriages is "sterile"*—by which they mean involuntarily childless after two years or more of married life.

This is serious business. For centuries the problem of the barren marriage has been a sorrow to the people involved and a frustrating question mark to the doctor. Today it is more than that. Many external forces threaten family life in modern society—and family life weakens much more readily where there are no children to act as a strong cementing force between husband and wife. Hence the high percentage of sterile marriages is regarded with anxiety by social scientists.

But if the sociologists are concerned, so are the medical scientists—and the results of their more recent sterility studies offer great encouragement to the childless couple. It is conservatively estimated by some doctors that *one out of every three couples who undergo complete medical investigation and treatment can be brought in time to a successful pregnancy;* and other authorities are even more optimistic.

Doctors have found out that fertility may be

seriously impaired by such simple factors as fatigue, poor diet and even (in the case of the male) too many hot baths. In fact, one of the seemingly simplest obstacles, but in reality one of the most baffling, lies in determining for the individual woman the precise time of the month during which she can conceive.

Some of the most intriguing research has been done in the field of "functional sterility" with psychiatrists attributing childlessness to nervous and emotional causes in marriages where both parties have successfully passed all medical tests. Such medical tests are available from gynecologists (for women) and urologists (for men) in most large Canadian centres, specialists who also contribute their services to free clinics in big city hospitals. But the hope held out to the childless couple by medical science is unavailing, doctors warn, in the face of impatience, prejudice or stubborn ignorance on the part of those seeking help.

The woman who's been childless for years cannot expect miraculous results immediately. Tests may be given over a period of weeks, and treatment require a month or even a year or so. "But the impatient woman who lets a social engagement interfere with her third appointment is just wasting her time and ours," declare the doctors.

Unhappily, many other couples who might be helped are not, simply because ignorance, false modesty or false pride keep them from ever consulting a doctor about their problem. A gynecologist with a large private practice in Toronto told me that he's constantly amazed at how little some of his patients know about

their bodies and the reproductive system. "Tell them the facts of life and they look at you as if you were making up fairy stories!" he said.

One of the most revealing findings of modern research into the sterility problem is that in approximately half of all cases it is the husband who is at fault—and some authorities consider this estimate conservative. Yet too often it is the husband who stubbornly or indignantly refuses to undergo examination. This may be due to a fear of having to admit that it is he who is sterile, coupled with the mistaken but prevalent belief that nothing can be done about it.

Actually, the sterility specialist has come to realize that *sterility is usually a mutual affair;* that is, the result of a combination of factors affecting both husband and wife. He doesn't speak of a "sterile wife" or a "sterile husband" but of a "sterile couple" or a "sterile marriage." Then he systematically sets to work to investigate the personal and family history of both sides, making a complete medical study of both partners and prescribing treatment for any condition in either that looks as if it might be contributing to their childless state. This done, he can prepare a "fertility index"—a chart expressing their *combined ability* to have children.

A fertility index on the Smiths, for instance, may show that Mr. Smith is a healthy and potent male but Mrs. Smith is unable to become pregnant because the cervix, the small entrance to the uterus, is blocked on the inside by a small non-malignant tumor. A good gynecologist will discover the obstruction, have it removed (a fairly simple operation) and will open the way for her to have a baby.

ANSWERS:

1—True. 2—False: Some women ovulate only four or five times a year. 3—True, say psychiatrists; some doctors aren't convinced. 4—True. 5—False. 6—True. 7—False: But it may help by making you less frustrated. 8—False: Only a small percentage of men are considered hopelessly sterile. 9—True. 10—True.

what hope for the childless couple?

A fertility index on the Browns, on the other hand, may indicate that Mrs. Brown is a normal, healthy woman who could probably become pregnant if her husband were not "subfertile," a condition requiring prolonged medical attention, possibly with hormone treatment.

A fertility index on the Greens may show that while both Mr. and Mrs. Green can rightly be classified as fertile, neither of them is *strongly* so. Married to other, more highly fertile mates, they might have managed to have families. Married to each other, unfortunately, their chances are slim.

Yet two of the most highly regarded international authorities on the subject of sterility affirm that if a patient is willing and able to accept proper medical treatment no case of barrenness is hopeless. The only exception they will admit is in the relatively rare instance where a husband is completely lacking in the child-making cells (a condition called *azoospermia*).

These two experts, Drs. Charles Mazer and S. Leone Israel, staff members of Mount Sinai Hospital in Philadelphia, report having treated 697 barren couples who had been trying to have children for from two to 17 years. The extremely encouraging results: 410 couples, or almost 60% subsequently had families.

One of the most active sterility clinics in Canada is operated in the outpatients department of the Women's College Hospital in Toronto. Here the childless wife will have a preliminary interview, at which hers will be classed as a case of "primary sterility" (inability to have a first child); "secondary sterility" (inability to have further children); *Continued on page 61*

BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

A LIFE OF HER OWN

It was Aunt Nell's letter to Edith's mother that changed everything for her.

The mail came, as usual, as Edith fixed the lunch to carry upstairs to her mother in her wheel chair. As usual, she fitted the letters between the teapot and the salt shaker on the gaudy tray her sister Katherine had sent from Manila . . . The places, the places Katherine, married to an engineer, had been while Edith stayed on, in the same two-story brick she had been born in, taking care of her mother. Edith crowded a vase with her first peonies on the tray.

Mrs. Hart, as usual, looked up with bright interest. Edith hummed along with the radio music as she fixed the bed for her mother's after-lunch nap, placing the telephone within easy reach. All "as usual." All routine Edith had been doing for nineteen years—with variations, of course, for her mother at times had been bedfast, at times in great pain. Until the arthritis settled for making her a wheel-chair invalid.

Mrs. Hart was reading Aunt Nell's letter and exclaiming, "Oh, my goodness! Elevators—an orchestra every night in the Emerald Room—" She said then what Edith was to hear so often in the days to come, "Oh, Edie dear, now you can live your own life."

Edith reached for Aunt Nell's letter. The estate of Aunt Nell's well-to-do rancher husband had finally been wound up (as well as her mourning period). Aunt Nell had always loathed the ranch, so she was moving back to the city, where she and Edith's mother had spent their girlhood. The two could get a three-room suite in the Westmore, a downtown hotel — "Being in a wheel chair will be no handicap with elevators. Canasta every afternoon. Dress and gift shops right in the hotel. You sell that old barn of a house. Poor Edie can be free now to live her own life."

That was the jolt. Edith sat down weakly on the turned-back bed. Her own life! For nineteen years her life had been fixing trays, giving alcohol rubs, phoning doctors, getting books at the library for mother, hurrying to carry up the early-morning coffee.

Mrs. Hart said happily, "Now you can get out and mix with young people. You can marry and have a nice home."

Mother! I'll be forty my next birthday."

"Oh, no! You can't be—why you're the baby!"

"I was born in 1911."

But even Edith did mental arithmetic unbelievably. Could nineteen years have passed since her brother Bob telephoned her at college to come home? At first it had been such a battle against infectious arthritis. At first Katherine and Bob had been there, too. Until the morning when Katherine tearfully and defensively announced, "Edie, Jim wants me to marry him — right away. He's leaving for South America. Maybe it isn't fair to pull out on you—but just as soon as we're settled, mother can come and stay with us."

They had seen Katherine, and her small Katie, perhaps six times since then. Quick stopovers by train or plane as Jim was shifted to the Yukon—to the Far East. Such hectic stopovers. On their first visit, when little Katie was fifteen months old, she had swallowed an open safety pin, thus getting herself and the Dr. Eric Tedrow, who miraculously extracted it with a + *Continued on page 32*



There was Edie running right into the trap . . . the innocent

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER *Illustrated by John McClelland*



victim of their plot to hurl her into the doctor's arms



A **skirt-and-topper team** in cocoa brown gabardine. The jacket has deep fold pleats, cool sleeves. The straight-cut skirt is adjusted by zippers. Brighten the collar with a posy, a gay scarf, a big glitter pin. By Shamrock.

A **skirt tucked 'n' pleated**
to wear with all your blouses. Zippers and inside ribbons
provide expansion. By Louis Hamer Ltd.

By
EILEEN MORRIS

LOOK PRETTY WHILE YOU WAIT

Keep up your normal life and your appearance
in maternity fashions that flatter as well as fit

SKETCHES BY
BARB

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



Tailored slacks for a day at home. These are cut in smart grey gabardine, have an adjustable waistband. Shown with a crisp blouse. Slacks by Shamrock.

Neat two-piece print with sashed waistline and U-cut skirt. Slim V collar is convertible. The nylon and acetate fabric is washable. By Jane Junior.



Young jumper for afternoon to wear with a blouse, a scarf or dickie. Jumper has notched neckline, side snaps. Fabric is Bruck's Lariche. By Kerner Dress.

Your one good suit, the jacket cut full, the skirt very slim. By Louis Hamer Ltd.





PHOTOS BY HUGH ROBERTSON

BIG KITCHEN is hit with this modern homemaker. Audrey Lovett points out, "I can keep an eye on baby Ann while I work, because there's plenty of space for her carriage or playpen." Room is painted sun yellow. Built-in cupboards, double sink, washer, are innovations.

THE MASTER BEDROOM sported only one clothes rod, three coat hooks, so the Lovetts took a couple of feet off the room to tailor themselves a storage wall. Drawers hold linens; closets, clothing. At right, Cindy's room is a little girl's dream with rose-sprigged paper, white shutters.

BY JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, *Home Planning*

old house charm

WHEN FRIENDS DROVE out to Oakville, twenty-three miles west of Toronto, to see the house Audrey and Al Lovett had just purchased, they got the shock of their lives. What they found was a rundown dwelling of plaster construction and gingerbread design that exuded an air of gloom, dirt and neglect.

"Poor, deluded pair," the friends murmured smugly as they drove home to small bungalows and smaller apartments, wondering whatever possessed two nice young people to throw away their money like that.

Audrey and Al smile about it now—as they did a year ago last July when they and daughter Cindy became proud owners of a house so old it predates the street it stands on.

"When we married, we started off in one room," Al recalls. "Cindy came along, and we moved into one of those dinky apartments. With another baby on the way we needed a house. Both Audrey and I had decided ideas about the sort of house we wanted. The type we could afford in Toronto—one of those peas-in-a-pod affairs—was not our idea of a dream home. We turned the city inside out, but with no luck. Gradually we worked out into the suburbs until we hit Oakville. We inspected this old place no one else would buy—and promptly bought it!"

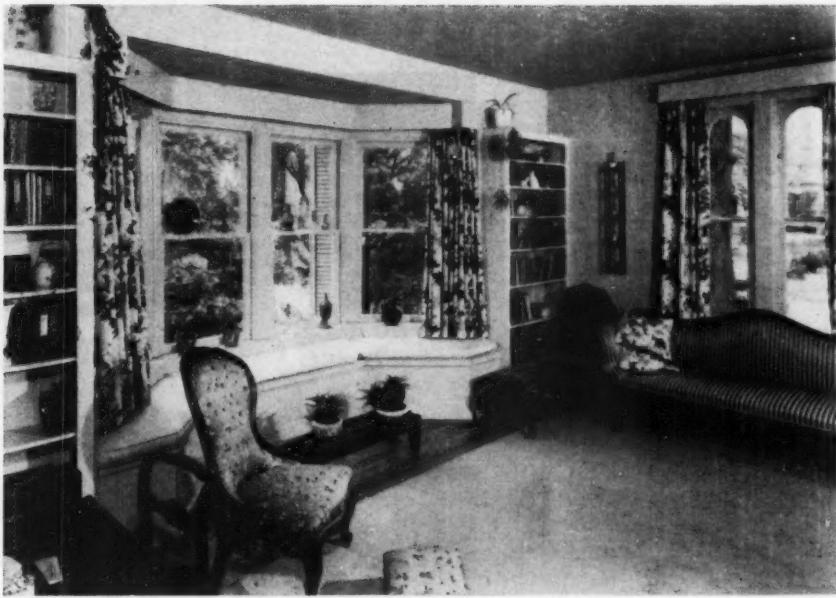
Like most homeseekers, the Lovetts had heard all about the pitfalls involved in buying a Victorian relic—but as they looked at the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms, the solid, well turned

Continued on page 40



new house comfort

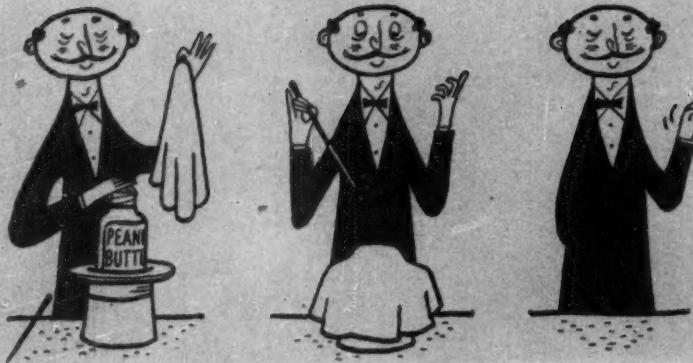
House-hunting on a tight budget? An old house in need of a friend may offer you a bargain in family-style living, as it did for Al and Audrey Lovett



THE OLD-FASHIONED PARLOR was transformed into a gracious living room. Wallpaper is a pleasing mushroom shade, wood trim is ivory. Modern bookcases frame the wide side windows and comfortable window seats add enjoyment to garden view. The lovely period furniture which once belonged to Audrey's mother now blends happily with ancient washstand husband Al picked up on his travels.

HERE THE LOVETTS LIVE AND DINE and enjoy records with friends. Fireplace, once a massive affair dominating the room, was whittled down, bookcases built. Sectional furniture allows flexible grouping near fireside in winter, by low windows on summer evenings.





MAGIC TRICKS WITH PEANUT BUTTER

BY PEGGY STROUD, Chatelaine Institute

PEANUT BUTTER CUTLETS	
8 half-inch slices rye bread	2 eggs
1 cup peanut butter	½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup top milk	½ teaspoon paprika
	Cracker crumbs

Cut crusts from bread and spread peanut butter on both sides of each slice. Combine milk, eggs and seasonings and beat well. Dip bread into egg mixture, remove and dip into cracker crumbs. Sauté in a little hot fat until a golden brown on both sides. Serve hot with corn syrup. Makes 4 servings allowing 2 slices per person. Wonderful for a wintertime supper with carrot coleslaw—fruit compote and sugar cookies for dessert.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD	
2½ cups sifted bread flour	1¾ cups milk
4½ teaspoons baking powder	1 egg
2 teaspoons salt	1 cup peanut butter
¾ cup granulated sugar	¾ cup salted chopped peanuts (optional)

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Add peanuts if used. Gradually add milk and egg to peanut butter, beating with a rotary beater to blend. Add to flour mixture. Mix just until combined. Turn into a well-greased loaf pan (9½ x 5½ x 3) and let stand for 20 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 1 hour. Cool 5 minutes and remove from pan; cool thoroughly on wire rack.

Note: This slices even better after storage overnight in waxed paper.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



Photo by Panda. Drawing by Des English

You can work magic in a wide assortment of recipes. And remember — there's top-notch food value and economy packed in every jar.

WINTER FRUIT SALAD	
4 bananas	4 oranges, pared and sliced
¾ cup peanut butter	Lettuce

Peel bananas and cut in half lengthwise. Spread peanut butter along the cut edges and put the halves together sandwich fashion. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Garnish with orange slices and a sprig of watercress. Serves 4.

Note: Bananas won't darken if coated with lemon juice.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PEANUT BUTTER MUFFINS	
2 cups sifted pastry flour	¼ cup peanut butter
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt	1 egg, beaten
¾ cup granulated sugar	3 tablespoons melted shortening

Thoroughly grease 12 medium-sized muffin tins. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into large mixing bowl. Blend peanut butter and milk; add beaten egg and melted shortening to milk mixture. Add liquid ingredients to dry ingredients, stirring only until combined. Fill greased muffin tins ⅔ full. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PEANUT-BANANA ICE-CREAM	
1 cup condensed milk	1 banana, mashed
2 tablespoons peanut butter	2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup milk	½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Set refrigerator control at coldest temperature. Beat peanut butter into condensed milk until well-blended and smooth. Add milk, mashed banana and lemon juice and stir well. Fold in whipped cream and place in freezing tray in refrigerator. When mixture is frozen to a mush (about 1 hour), remove tray, stir well and return to refrigerator to finish freezing. Turn control back to normal. This makes 4 generous servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

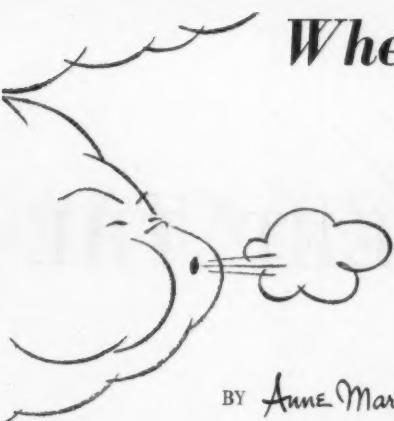
PEANUT BUTTER CUP CAKES

1½ cup softened shortening	2 cups sifted pastry flour
1 cup brown sugar	2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup peanut butter	½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs	¾ cup milk
½ cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening until fluffy. Gradually add 1 cup of sugar and cream together thoroughly. Mix in peanut butter. Combine eggs and ½ cup sugar and beat until light. Beat egg mixture into shortening mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla and fold in gently after each addition. Fill greased cup cake pans ½ full, or paper baking cups ½ full. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. When cool, frost with Chocolate Butter Icing and top with a banana slice.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Continued on page 40



When Cold Winds Blow...

Good Hot Campbell's Soup Makes Hearts Glow

BY Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd

LET THE CHILDREN come in from school or play, cold, wet and hungry, calling "Lunch ready?" Let your husband button up his overcoat and head for home. You're ready—come snow or rain . . . with big piping-hot bowls of Campbell's Soup to welcome them. Soup's so good . . . so easily digested . . . so soundly nourishing. It warms and cheers and invigorates—and where will you find a winter-time dish more ideal than that?

What an appetizing array of fine, rich, full-bodied Campbell's Soup you have to choose from these days—to set before your family—to stock up your kitchen soup shelf. You've a host of beef stock soups, of chicken stock soups, of vegetable stock soups, and a tempting clam chowder or bean with bacon—to name some others.

Here are three heart-warming menus to try. Each features Campbell's Soup. Remember: so far as the soups are concerned, you can enjoy a different one nearly every day for a month, and so vary your meals delightfully.

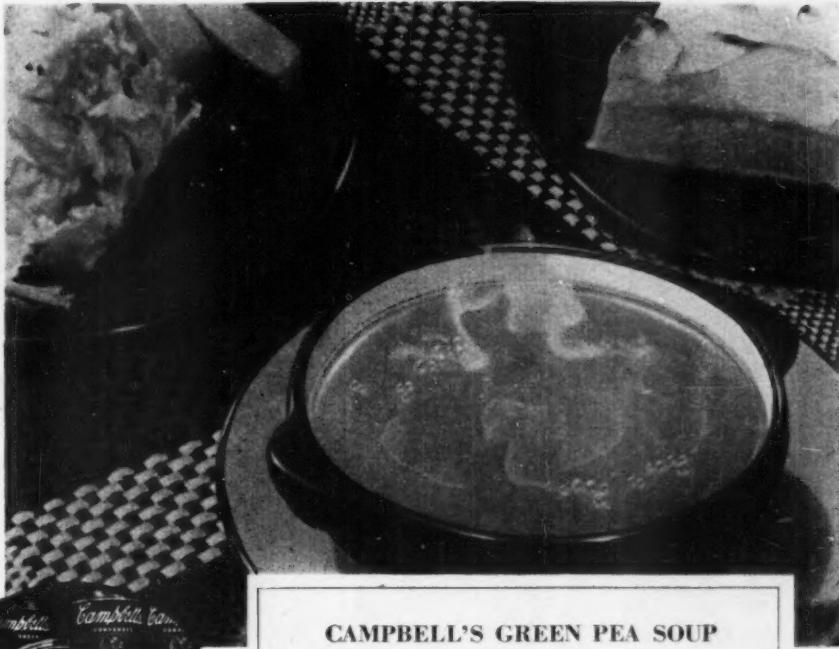
A clever cook keeps a full soup shelf!



CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP hot and hearty

An old-time soup, made in the true Colonial tradition: a rich flavorful broth crowded with tender pieces of chicken and golden egg noodles. Here's a tempting menu:

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
Festive Franks on Toasted Buns
Chocolate Brownies



CAMPBELL'S GREEN PEA SOUP wafts a steaming welcome

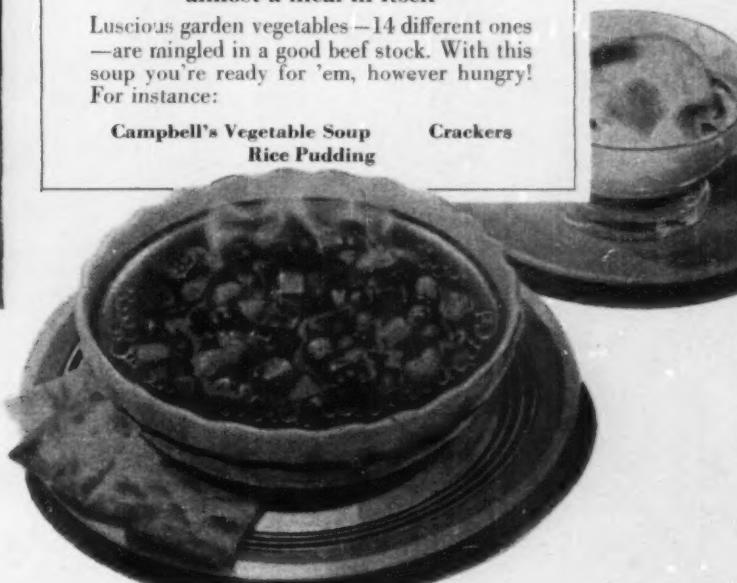
And a right nourishing soup it is! Choice green peas are made into a satin-smooth purée, with creamy butter, and lightly seasoned. Serve it in this menu and listen for the compliments:

Campbell's Green Pea Soup
Hearty Potato Salad Cheese Strips
Lemon Meringue Pie

CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP "almost a meal in itself"

Luscious garden vegetables—14 different ones—are mingled in a good beef stock. With this soup you're ready for 'em, however hungry! For instance:

Campbell's Vegetable Soup Crackers
Rice Pudding



C A M P B E L L ' S A R E C A N A D A ' S F A V O R I T E S O U P S

*The great new star of international opera
is a voluptuous ex-farm girl from Bulgaria
who has the critics of two continents
groping for new ways to shout "Bravo!"*

MEET THE



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BY JAMES DUGAN

GREEN-EYED SALOME

The great new star of international opera is a rampant ex-farm girl from Bulgaria, with flaring red hair, green eyes, and the most opulent personality since Mary Garden. Her name is Ljuba Welitch, pronounced Lee-yooba Vay-leetch. In Bulgarian her name means "great love," which exactly describes the sentiment felt toward her by music lovers, opera maestri, and the numerous stags who find themselves inside an opera house for the first time when Mme. Welitch is singing. She is listed on the posters as a dramatic soprano, which is like describing Shakespeare as a script writer.

Canadian Edward Johnson, then general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, brought Ljuba Welitch to New York in 1949, after noting her meteoric progress across Europe from the Statsoper in Vienna to London's Covent Garden. Johnson deliberately heightened the effect of "the Bulgarian Bombshell" by maintaining secrecy on her arrival, the way generals conceal new weapons until they are unleashed. There was no advance publicity and no shipboard interviews. Opera insiders, however, knew of her triumphs in Europe, and, on the day she showed up at the Metropolitan for her first rehearsal in the title role of Salomé, the 63-year-old house was unusually full of privileged camp followers and professionals.

The onlookers strained forward, as if on cue, when, from the wings, strode a voluptuous woman with furious carrot hair, big flashing emerald eyes, and white skin. She pranced across the cold stage in fur boots and hurled herself into her first song. The crowd swayed with the impulse to stay there and drink it in and the urge to run to the music hangouts on 57th Street and be the first to announce that the Met was burning down. By evening the opera coterie was feverish and, when tickets went on sale for her debut, the house was sold out as fast as the queues could be processed, leaving disappointed fans on the end of the line offering \$50 a pair to the lucky winners.

Salomé, by Richard Strauss, includes the famous Dance of the Seven Veils and is a major opera seldom performed because of the difficulties of the title role. It is based on the play written in French by the Irishman, Oscar Wilde. Strauss (who died last year) wrote it in German, and Ljuba Welitch, a Bulgarian who has become an Austrian citizen, sings it in English in America. That makes no nevermind to international opera

—what is tough about Salomé is the impassioned acting it demands and the problem of Salomé's dance, which could easily fall into the ridiculous when attempted by the average opera singer.

Mme. Welitch faced a packed house for her debut. When she sashayed onstage a man fainted dead away in the audience and the critics reeled back to their cubicles and mangled their typewriter keys with adjectives. At dawn, Virgil Thompson, the musicologist of the Herald-Tribune, blurred in print, "Ljuba Welitch is one of the few perfect singers to come to the Metropolitan in recent years."

There was an extraordinary letter in the New York Times: "It is many moons since any of us have thrilled to such a masterful combination of singing and acting." The letter was signed by Geraldine Farrar. As the music world blinked at the unheard-of event of one diva praising another, similar voluntary tributes came from Lotte Lehmann and Mary Garden, who was the great Salomé of a generation ago.

Katharine Cornell was in the opening night audience which brought Welitch back for 25 curtain calls. Afterward the noted actress went backstage and stood in line to greet the new star. Welitch received a foot-high cablegram from Vienna, signed "Papa Strauss," in which the aged author of her vehicle said, "You are my most wonderful Salomé."

The uproar at the Met rang beyond the confines of the "old barn," and even reached the tabloid Daily News, which usually files Met stories lower in the wastebasket. *Continued on page 28*



"You are my most wonderful Salomé," cabled author Richard Strauss, after the Met debut of Ljuba Welitch—pronounced Lee-yooba Vay-leetch. Canadian Edward Johnson brought "the Bulgarian Bombshell" to New York from Vienna.

Mme. Welitch in search of a hat to suit
"the most opulent personality since
Mary Garden." In New York she lives on Central
Park, and she has a magnificent apartment
in the heart of Vienna's famous Ring.



Welitch is as exciting in a dramatic love story such as *Tosca* (left)
or a comic opera role like Rosalinda in *Fledermaus*, as she is in *Salome*.

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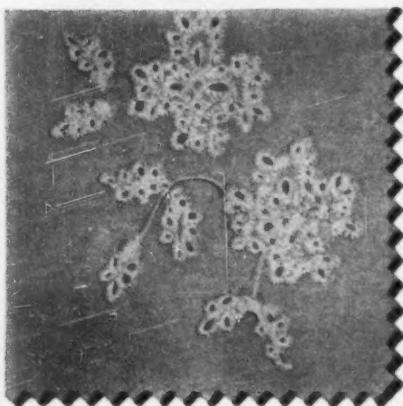
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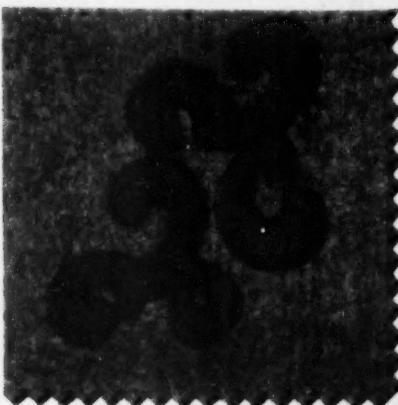
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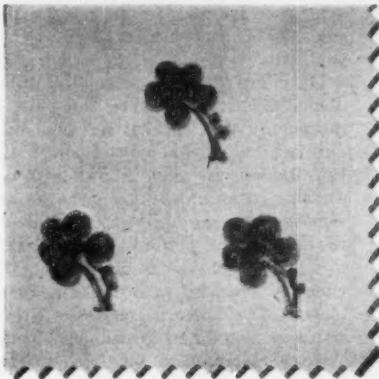
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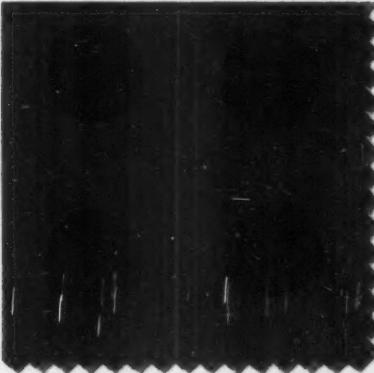
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GREEN-EYED SALOME

Continued from page 25

than the text of a treaty between Oman and Baluchistan.

In the three years since that big night Ljuba Welitch has reigned as box office queen at the Met, San Carlo in Naples, the Vienna State Opera and Covent Garden. Columbia Concerts, which books her recitals, cannot satisfy the farflung demand. Her phonograph records move like popular hit tunes. There is evidence that the ponderous wheels of Hollywood are slowly inching toward Welitch, who may be the sensational discovery of the films five years from now. Last season television claimed part of her prodigal art. When the season ended she fled home to Vienna, as she does each summer, and where she tarried into the fall to open the 1951-52 season with the State Opera. She was also busy making a technicolor movie short to help her adopted land lure tourists, but she was under solemn pledge to be back at the New York Met to do Salomé again last month.

Welitch's voice, according to her own description, is a *spinto*, or halfway between lyric and dramatic soprano. What detonates the Welitch explosion is a fusion of the art of singing with full-blooded acting, and indeed with dancing. She is the complete opera artist, who reminds us that opera need not be a remote hobby of the rich, but the grandest of all ways to enact the human drama. If you took away Ljuba Welitch's singing voice, she could still grip the audience as Salomé.

She is equally at home in comedy. Season before last she did Rosalinda, the unsteady wife, in Johann Strauss' evergreen comic opera, *Fledermaus*. This gorgeous new production in English was the big hit of the Met's first year under Rudolph Bing, who succeeded Edward Johnson when he retired. *Fledermaus* was sold out, including standing room, for every performance, and the ticket brokers rated it as big as *South Pacific* and *Guys and Dolls*. To direct the production, Bing engaged Garson Kanin, the author-director of stage and films, who had also written the English libretto for the opera.

An Undulating Rosalinda

Fledermaus is a corny Viennese spoof which devolves on the mildewed plot device of mistaken identity. Director Kanin decided to stage it in the spirit of the music, to create a tuneful illusion that would make the audience forget the blithering nonsense of the plot. Kanin wanted to bring Vienna to Times Square. He found a ready accomplice in Ljuba Welitch, the naturalized Viennese, whose idea of a great night of fun when she is at home is to dress up in a dirndl and go out to Grinzing, the playland of Vienna, drink white wine and waltz the whole night long with clerks, archdukes, fiacre drivers and bankers. Vienna is like that still.

Welitch went into action on the rehearsals for the second act, which takes place in the elegant red ball pavilion on the lawn of Prince Orlofsky's palace at Bad Ischl. The red-haired diva bowed through the rehearsals, grabbing members of the company and whirling them in a hearty Grinzing waltz. She unlimbered the stiff back-

bones and soon the stage was spinning with excitement.

As Rosalinda, Ljuba undulates through the show, billowing with trains, gauzy stoles and flying drapery. She seems never to stop moving—she rolls her head, dashes headlong at a male lead and gives him a rib-cracking embrace; taps her foot and sways rhythmically as she sits out a dance. She gives her colleagues a complete prompt-book of stage comedy acting.

Ljuba is an all-out performer who loses three or four pounds a night and comes offstage calling for wine to ease her thirst. Her stage embraces are not faked. Robert Merrill, the Metropolitan's star baritone from Brooklyn, came back from a road tour with Welitch last year and exhibited a half dozen discolorations on his athletic frame. "My God, what a woman!" he roared.

During a recent rehearsal the prima donna threw herself into the part so thoroughly that she cut her leg. She did not notice the blood until the run-through was over. She sings in her dressing room and disobeys the professional singer's rule of resting the voice on the day before a performance. She likes to sing. When she is performing, the wings are crowded with the hidden employees of the opera, seamstresses, dressers, wigmakers, and mechanics. Mme. Welitch is an opera fan herself. On the evening of her American debut some colleagues went to her dressing room beforehand to offer moral support, but they found her in the wings, laughing at the curtain-raiser, Gianni Schicchi, the rogue tale by Puccini.

Apartment in Vienna

Ljuba says, "I am a Slav from the Black Sea and we are a people who know how to live with joy. We also know how to work." She was born at Borissowo, near Varna, Bulgaria, the daughter of a farmer, and might today be a Bulgarian farm wife, if an older sister had not insisted that she learn the violin. Ljuba was working her way through a neighboring high school when Professor Zlateff, a wise music teacher, noticed her voice and turned her to vocalizing. Ljuba went on to the University at Sofia on a scholarship to study philosophy but left after two years to study opera repertory in Vienna. At 23 she began to sing with small opera troupes in the provinces, learning the literature of opera and gaining a steady growth in her art. When the time came, the long solid apprenticeship brought her into the famous international houses as a grand diva from her first entrance. "Many young singers in America arrive too early," she says. "They do not get a chance to have experience."

Mme. Welitch now makes her home in Vienna, where she made her big time debut during the war. The Austrian Government has awarded Ljuba citizenship in gratitude for her art, and she lives in a magnificent apartment in a baroque palace on Rathausplatz, across from the Burg Theatre in the heart of Vienna's famous Ring. She has two servants, two toy poodles and a tenor canary named Hansi. "Hansi sings better than I do," she says, pursing her lips and whistling a high legato aria.

Mme. Welitch is five feet four inches and weighs 145 pounds, rather generous proportions for a woman of beauty. She explains, "My dear, if I was the slim thing of fifteen years past, I would not

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be strong enough to sing my roles. It is all right for a coloratura like Patrice Munsell to be slim, but a dramatic soprano must be big like Traubel."

Never the Right Man

Ljuba Welitch is unmarried. The "Madame" used before her name is an honorific of grand opera, which denotes size and prestige rather than marital status. She declares in her direct way, "I have no time for friends or love. I am not marry. I am thirty-seven-year girl without a hoosband."

A caller who was invited to a post-theatre supper at her hotel suite on Central Park West in New York, sat across from Madame, who looked marvelous in a green metallic evening gown with a low décolletage, and was told, "Other women have a hoosband while Ljuba, she has the red roses." She waved to the great bouquets of long-stemmed roses, part of her floral tributes of the evening. Her green eyes flashed. "I never find the right man. When I do think I find the right man, he is married, or he is in Spain and I am in America. But when I find the right man," she continued, "I will give up singing. I will be a wonderful wife, you will see. I will cook paprika. I will stay home and be a housekeeper. I will slim down for my hoosband. I don't care what he make. If it is just enough to eat, we will be happy."

Meanwhile the hardworking Welitch sings an average of three operas or concerts a week, which require as many as six rehearsals as well. Studying and rehearsing parts in several languages is a much heavier memorizing load than the stage actor carries, and the opera singer does not have a "run" in a role, but must do a different opera each night. The singer must keep up on her repertoire by regular refresher readings.

Her social life is extremely limited by other restrictions peculiar to opera singers. They must rest long. They must conserve their voices by keeping silent. They dread respiratory diseases and try to avoid crowds and late hours. Ljuba is well-liked by her colleagues at the Metropolitan, but they are all as busy as she is and cannot cultivate personal friendships.

Then there is the travel. Even while fulfilling a season's engagement at the Met, she is in and out of town for concert engagements as far as the West Coast, between opera roles. To save time she always travels by air. She says, "Every time I get in the plane I say, 'Well, good-by, Ljuba,' but I am always landing okay."

Welitch thinks that her study of philosophy has helped her art, although she says, "To be too intelligent is no good." When she undertakes a new part, she says, "I think and think and use logick to help me understand the character. Salomé is a *philosophe*, you know." Each night at bedtime Welitch finds a piece of paper and writes down her day's doings. She stuffs the fragment of diary in a night table drawer. If she ever finds the time to sort out the entries, the diary will be useful. "When I get older," she says, "I will write a book. I came through a very hard time but still with joy of life. You'll be surprised, my dear, at what I will write. My philosophy will help me write the book. I will be too old and ugly to make a film of my own life, but I will write some book." *

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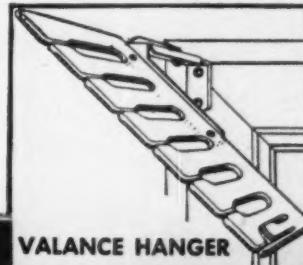
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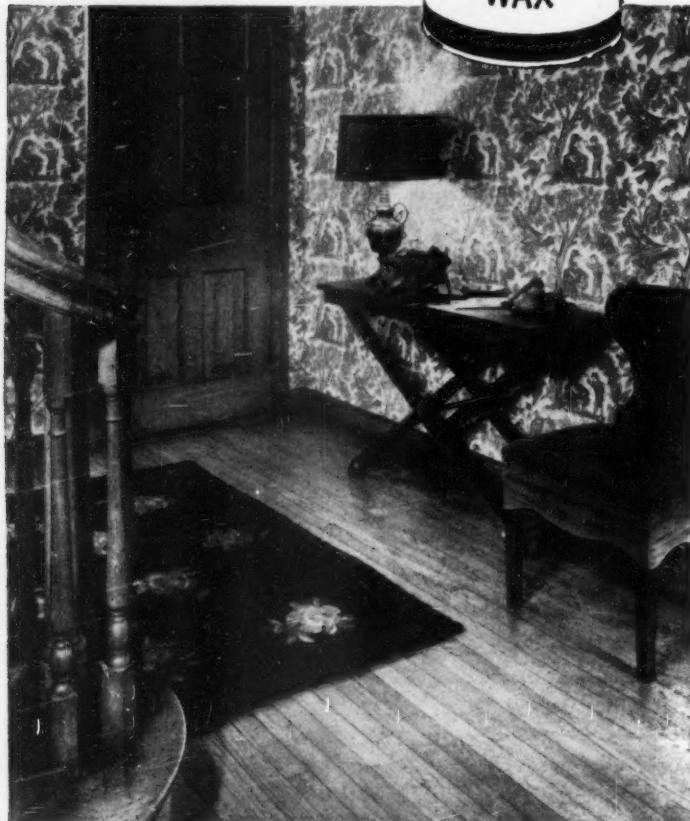
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A LIFE OF HER OWN

Continued from page 16

bronchoscope, written up in the papers. On the next stopover—Katie was five then—she tumbled her grandmother's wheel chair with herself in it down the stairs, wrecking the chair but not Katie. There was never any talk or thought of Mrs. Hart staying with her roving daughter.

A few years after Katherine married, Bob Hart announced jubilantly, "Edie, I've been made a factory supe. So Nadine and I are marrying. She's so wonderful. Just as soon as we find a house with an extra bedroom, we'll take mother with us." Later Bob was saying, "Just as soon as the baby comes and Nadine feels like herself—or, 'Poor Nadine has those terrible migraines—'"

Bob and Nadine lived in a factory town, thirty miles from the city in the sugar beet section. They had two little boys now. Edith's mother always scoffed at Nadine's headaches as something that kept her from doing the disagreeable in life. But then the star invalid in the family resented being crowded out of her spotlight.

So now Edith could live her own life! Fate and the family had put it in cold storage nineteen years ago, but now it was handed back with a Best Wishes card. Leave me not get a martyr complex, Edith scolded herself. Be fair. Mother isn't the demanding, tyrannical invalid who enjoys warping the lives of her family. She's just mother, who likes library books without problems or sex, who can't imagine the years piling up on me, the baby of the family.

It might not be too late if some man had waited in the background. But the ones she had dined and danced with had all melted away. No time would be too late if, through the years, she had craved to write or paint or play the piano. But, though she had majored in music in college, the only music she played now was when her mother called down, "Edie, try that piece that goes, 'You feel so welcome—'". The piano had been moved into the hall so her mother could hear it upstairs.

Mrs. Hart was saying, "Well, no one would take you for a day over thirty. But then we Hart women don't show our age. Did you notice how much greyer Lou Morris' hair is than mine—even with all my suffering? You're young-seeming—the way you run up and down stairs, and laugh and sing."

All that June day Edith went about confused, jolted.

Upstairs her mother telephoned friends, spilling over about the fling she was to have with Nell—elevators, room service, a nurse right in the hotel. Now Edie wouldn't be tied down... No, Edie wouldn't want this big house.

The next morning Edith's brother, Bob, telephoned. "Hi, Sis—mom phoned us yesterday about all these new plans. Now you can—"

"Yeh—live my own life. Bob, would there be a job at your sugar company?" It was always "Bob's sugar company," even though it was owned by a multi-million-dollar corporation and Bob was just one superintendent of one of its factories.

"Job? Look, Sis, Nadine and I have

been talking over your future. Could you drive out here so we could hash things over?"

Surely Bob would know the answer. A woman always expects the man in the family to come up with it, even though his answer best serves himself.

Edith's next-door neighbor promised to "run in" on Mrs. Hart while Edith drove the thirty miles to the bungalow which housed the Bob Harts. Their Ted and Punkie, eleven and ten, were in the driveway, amassing odd equipment—two shovels, a miner's candle, a chunk of stovepipe. Ted said, "You need these for a cave," and Punkie began an incoherent rambling about Mrs. Adams, who was going to take care of them, but she couldn't come because her daughter—or somebody—was going to have a baby—or something.

Edith stepped into the living room and into disorder and bustle. Nadine's hair was newly permed. A half-filled suitcase gaped open on the piano bench. Bob was paying a man at the door for his best suit, from the cleaner.

"Oh, are you going some place?"

Nadine said reproachfully, "The Beet Sugar convention. Don't you know we've been planning it for months?"

Edith had forgotten. One's own problems always erase the plans of others. Bob said as he folded a grey and orchid tie, "We've been talking over what'd be best for you, Edie. You—well, it'd be tough on you to get out and rustle a job."

"I thought there might be something at your factory."

"No, No, it's all too specialized. You got to know comptometer, or dictaphone—and the gals in the lab have all majored in chem."

Edith's stock dropped away below par. "I clerked one Christmas vacation—buckets and tongs for ice cubes."

Nadine put in swiftly, "You wouldn't like clerking. They start you in the basement and you have to take a lot of back talk—and be on your feet all day, and work nights around Christmas."

Bob rolled up a belt and crammed it into a shoe. He said with the bluntness of one who has no time to lead up to his climax, "Marriage is the answer for you, Sis."

"But it takes two. Am I supposed to walk up to every third man on the street and ask him if he'll marry me?"

"That's what we wanted to talk to you about," Nadine said eagerly. "You know how my sister, Maurine, got her husband? Our two boys. Three summers ago, when I was having those wretched migraines, she used to take the boys to the park, and they're the kind that make friends with everyone, and one day she was standing next to this man watching the monkeys—"

"I know," Edith said, "and Ted—no, probably Punkie, because he never stops talking—asked the man to hold him up so he could throw in peanuts."

Bob defended, "Psychologists always advise patients who have trouble getting acquainted to walk a dog through the park, but Ted and Punkie have a dog beat all hollow for breaking the ice."

"You ought to rent them out to a matrimonial agency," Edith said coldly. "Now look, if you're up a stump because Mrs. Adams let you down, and you have to park the boys on us while you go to the convention, I'll feed them and sleep them, but I won't use them to run interference for me."

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CHATELAINE—FEBRUARY, 1952

The convention-goers exchanged both sheepish and relieved looks.

Edith drove home with young Ted and Punkie. How Punkie could run on—and on; like Tennyson's brook. Ted interposed an older-brother correction or contradiction at intervals.

The cooking smells of neighbors' dinners mingled with cut grass as she reached home with boys and grips and the gunnysack of cave equipment they had loaded without her noticing. They went up the back steps with Ted saying, "Lots of room in your yard for a cave," and Edith's saying, "You fellows drink a coke down here while I go up and tell your grandmother you're here."

She entered her mother's room on a lively hum of conversation which stopped instantly so that she had a feeling of intruding on a conspiracy. She stared at the young visitor stupidly until she was prodded, "Don't you remember me, Aunt Ede? I'm Katie."

Katherine's little girl—she of the open safety pin, the tumbled wheel chair episodes, but complete now with all the accoutrements so stressed by ads. High-lighted hair, uplift busts, vitamin-enriched skin and smile. Edie kissed her, murmuring the usual banality, "I didn't realize you were so grownup."

"I'm going on seventeen."

Mrs. Hart explained flusteredly, "She flew in. I wanted to surprise you. I telephoned Katherine last night—Jim is being sent to Guiana and it's so hot in the summer—and we thought it'd be nice if Katie came—and helped you get out and meet young people—as I said to her mother, you haven't had a chance—"

Katie interrupted, "I came up to help you get a man."

Edith pounded her mother's pillows by way of venting her swift resentment. "I've just been loaned two ice-breakers," she said. "Ted and Punkie. I'm to have the use of them for two weeks while your Aunt Nadine and Uncle Bob are conventioning."

"Nadine loaded them onto us?" Mrs. Hart said. "You see! Nadine's headaches! But she can go—go—go. She can do everything she wants to do."

"So all I have to do is take the boys to the park—and presto, romance!"

"Little boys! Gaugh!" Katie snorted. "There ought to be one island in the South Pacific to dump all little boys on until they're at least eighteen."

Katie was studying her aunt, as someone would the horseflesh he has placed his bets on. "You're the pixie type, Aunt Ede. Tilted nose, a sort of eternal spring about you. I can just see you in a wispy blouse and swishy green skirt. And sandals. You've kept your shape better than mother and, as she says, once you're out of size sixteen you're in schoolteacher clothes. Ever try a chestnut rinse?"

"No."

"Mother sent you up a complexion brush. We'll use the ice treatment every morning."

"Katie, I'll be forty next birthday—"

"You don't have to bleat it around. A woman who'd tell her age would tell anything. You got lush eyelashes."

"—and even in my young days men never serenaded me under my window, or committed suicide over me, so it's hardly likely—"

"You really want to get married,

don't you?" Katie asked her bluntly.

"Doesn't every woman?" Edith answered.

"Well then. When a man wants to catch a trout, he sets about to lure—or outsmart a trout, doesn't he?"

In the days that followed Katie wasted no cousinly affection on her young cousins. "Pipe down, Fodderwing," she'd command before Punkie had even used up his first breath. And, after three days of, "Gee, Aunt Ede, couldn't we dig us just a sort of little cave?" she burst out, "For heaven's sake, let them dig a cave, and maybe it'll fall in on them. We've got a strategic campaign to map out."

Katie had studied the field without much success. Her grandmother's two doctors were married. The druggist, who filled their prescriptions, was too young. She probed into her aunt's past and by devious channels located two bachelors with whom Edith had once "kept company." But one was in a sanitarium for alcoholism, and one sold vacuum cleaners and supported his sister and four children.

Katie shopped for and brought home the wispy blouse (which kept falling off Edith's shoulders) and sandals (which were dead-ringers for her shower shoes) and the long swishy green skirt (which she tripped on again and again, climbing the stairs with a tray).

Then suddenly Katie's tactics changed. She burst in the back door, after a trip to the boulevard creamery. "Aunt Ede, it's fate! I've found him for you. Right in the next block. And there'll be that intimate, indissoluble bond between you. You remember the open-safety-pin doctor who saved my life, don't you?"

Edith remembered. The only unshaken person during the four hours of shaky terror. Katie's mother had gone to pieces she had to be given a sedative. It was Edith who held the baby while Dr. Tedrow rushed them to the hospital, Edith who looked at the X-rays with him, waited outside the operating room. But Dr. Tedrow's hands had been shaky afterward when he dropped the safety pin in her hands and said, "A little keepsake." Her own tremulous fingers dropped it, fumbled for it, and he'd said, "Come on. We could both stand a cup of coffee."

Edith said, "I remember how helpful his wife was in locating Dr. Tedrow."

"He's a widower now. And just at the ripe period—wife's been dead a year and a half. And their housekeeper came off a farm and makes a library-paste cream sauce on everything. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. I'm playing you up as the maternal type. Willing hands, loving heart. The genius in a kitchen."

"Not the pixie?"

"No, oh no! Gentle, sacrificing. You've got dresses with white ruffly somethings framing your face, haven't you?"

"I've got a green voile with a lot of something that's hard to iron."

In the time it took Edith to warm the plate for her mother's omelet, Katie filled in details. Taking a shortcut up the alley to the creamery, she had met a young man who was putting new doors on their garage. Ricky Tedrow. Eighteen—a little on the naive side. His father—Dr. Tedrow of the bronchoscope—was buying a new car for which Ricky

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was lengthening the garage and adding new doors.

Katie said, "I wouldn't work to get you a doctor that has to be on tap day and night so you can never have company dinners. But an Eent has regular hours."

"A what?"

"Eye, ear, nose and throat. . . . So, we've sighted our objective, Aunt Ede."

"Now, Katie," Edith demurred, picking up the tray. She wanted to say, "I wish you'd all mind your own business, and let me lead my own life my own way." But Edith was what her next-door neighbor called "mealy-mouthed," so she only added weakly, "I'd rather stay single than to—to angle for a man."

Katie gave her a withering look. "I suppose you still think marriages are made in heaven."

Five days went on. Upstairs Mrs. Hart held long and happy telephone conversations and wrote long and happy letters to Aunt Nell, ending both with, "Oh yes, Edie won't want this big house."

In the backyard the little boys dug like happy gophers. A horde of other little boys—Arthur, Jerry, Bud—seemed to spring up from behind bushes and under rocks to join the project. A sort of little cave? The gaping wound took on Grand Canyon proportions. "How are you ever going to get a roof on such a big hole?" Edith remonstrated.

Ted said loftily, "We've got that all worked out."

Edith's heart went out to them—their parents conventioning, their grandmother scolding them from the upstairs balcony for being too noisy, their cousin, Katie, giving them a cold brush-off. So she made lemonade for them and their fellow cave-dwellers and let them scorch wienies to blackness over an outdoor fire.

And Katie kept on with her strategic manoeuvring through the doctor's son, all the while glutting the icebox and household with dairy products.

Even the little boys pleaded, "Don't get any more ice cream." Mrs. Hart said, "Edie, I hardly slept last night. Cheese never did agree with me." And Edith, "Katie, one more carton of cottage cheese and we'll have to take the door off the icebox. Think I'll make a cheese cake to use up some of it."

"Cheese cake, huh! Is it good?"

"It ought to be—it's your Great-aunt Kate's recipe."

Katie supplied more data on Dr. Eric Tedrow as her aunt measured cottage cheese, cream cheese. He had been in general practice before he became an Eent and, even yet, when folks couldn't get a doctor and got panicky, he'd go—you know, the Hippocratic Oath all doctors take—only most of them forgot it. And when Ricky was a kid and brought home stray dogs his father either let him keep them or found homes for them with his patients.

"Ricky's mother was the housewife, maternal type. He likes that kind. Ricky says more women make a play for him, Hussels!"

Katie hovered over the browning cheese cake in the oven. No sooner was it cool enough to cut than she scurried up the alley with a sizeable wedge of it on a plate. Edith fought against the mounting suspense as she waited for Ricky's decision. "Superb, sez he, as

he wolfed it down," Katie reported. "And look! A snapshot of your doc."

Edith glanced at it, thinking only to see what fifteen years had done to Dr. Tedrow's dark hair and straight shoulders. But the eyes, squinting in the bright sunlight and behind glasses, caught hers in a kind and twinkly amusement. Silly old fool, she berated herself, as a warm and wanting rush flooded over her. Dreams change. The last ones she had dreamed in her twenties always contained a young swaggerer with ardent demand in his eyes. But now—now without her knowing it—the man in them had hair gently greying, a comfortable waistline, eyes weathered with wisdom and humor.

Her fingers were clumsy as she cut Ted and Punkie pieces of cheese cake to take out to their gang. Katie was asking, "Aunt Ede, what's the best thing you can cook—the very best?"

"Creamed chicken, wine jello, beef broth."

"No no! Not arthritis dishes. What man-food are you good at?"

"I don't know. I'm no good—at anything — except what I've been doing." And then, much to her shame, her face twisted and sudden sobs racked her. She didn't know why. Unless it was the jolt of being pushed out on her own, and the sharp awareness, as she looked at the doctor's picture, of the empty years ahead.

The little boys stared at her, amazed and stricken. She buried her head in her arms. Katie patted her, clucking motheringly, "There, there, Aunt Ede. You're wonderful—honest, you are."

By the time she had swabbed her eyes and swallowed back the hiccup after-math of sobs, Katie was planning, "Meat loaf, that's it. The casual touch. And I'll sound Ricky out on cucumbers in sour cream."

"Cucumbers in sour cream?"

"Yep. We've manoeuvred long enough. Now for the telling move. Dr. Tedrow will be home day after tomorrow, Wednesday. The housekeeper is still on vacation. It'd be a neighborly gesture for me to say, 'Ricky, how about you and your dad coming over for a cup of coffee?' Only, of course, we'll trot out the meat loaf and—"

"That's working pretty fast, Katie," Aunt Edith said uneasily.

"You learn to work fast when you are never planted one place for long."

"Eat what will Ricky think?"

"He's on our side. I said, 'You know you're going to have a stepmother, men being what they are, so you'd better pull for one who'll wash your ski socks and make you chile.' Ricky will start your buildup as soon as his father comes home. H'm, that yellow cloth for the dining nook table . . . purple iris in a low vase. Then Ricky and I will ease off and leave you two alone."

"The little boys will be here!"

"Not much they won't. I'll put two bits in each of their grimy little paws and boot them out the back gate for hamburgers. No—four bits, so they can go to a show. I haven't even mentioned those two to Ricky."

Against her better judgment, Edith's spirits took on gooseflesh in anticipation. Maybe the invitation would seem casual and not ulterior with the safety pin catching up the past and present.

Wednesday, the day of the telling move! Edith made the meat

little P plumbing ideas that pay big dividends



What makes a better bathroom? Thoughtful planning, of course, is the first essential. Equally important are quality fixtures. They must be durable and efficient as well as attractive. Both in planning and in selecting it always pays to consult your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor. They can show you how you can use space to best advantage and advise you on the choice of fixtures that best meet your requirements.

In the preferred CRANE line are new and beautiful bathroom fixtures to suit every taste and pocketbook—matched groups, and individual wash basins, bathtubs and toilets.

WASH BASINS—In looking over the complete Crane line of wash basins, for example, you'll note that there's a whole new world of possibilities opened up for planning more efficient bathrooms and powder rooms due to the variety of types available for countertop installation. These Crane fixtures, in gleaming vitreous china, may be installed on pedestal, on chrome legs or wall hung—they can be built-in counter-top style, with tile or alternative modern fabricated materials—or, if desired, on cabinet base.

Be sure to see the new classical "Criterion"—which recently received the Fashion Academy award as representing "a great advance in functional plumbing design".

STYLE—Such an award indicates how Crane, while developing many new plumbing fixtures, has also paid consistent attention to styling. Now groups of fixtures may be obtained, with the same basic style characteristics, to produce a most attractive ensemble.

Harmony in styling is enhanced, too, by sparkling "Dial-Ese" trim (faucets, for example, that close with the pressure, operate with finger-tip control)—and by the choice of many attractive colours in which Crane fixtures are now available.

You'll want also to give some thought to the selection of such bathroom accessories as grab rails, paper holders, soap holders, robe hooks, and towel bars in vitreous china or Lifetime "Gerity" Chrome—to complete the ensemble and "dress up" the bathroom or powder room.

DOWNSTAIRS—A powder room or "Half-Bathroom" (toilet and wash basin) on the main floor is an invaluable addition to the bathroom facilities of any home. It's well worth considering. It's a wonderful convenience for your guests.

SHOWERS—In addition to the modern shower and bathtub which make the ideal combination for bathing, you may wish to have extra facilities in the

basement or elsewhere, provided by a shower stall. If you wish a shower in the bathroom away from the tub, it can be installed in one of the many attractive enclosures—ranging from a plain white duck circular canvas curtain, through a variety of colourful plastic ones, to elaborate glass-panelled compartments.

Several types of shower heads are available to give you the kind of shower you desire. In addition to the regular line, Crane can also supply special-purpose heads.

In selecting bathtub and showers you'll want to get a "Deviator" spout, with its ingenious pull-up knob that eliminates all chance of a surprise dousing.

Your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor will be glad to tell you about it. Ask, too, about the advantages of such other items as: the Combination Spout Faucet which supplies water at the desired temperature from one spout; the clever new Crane Thermostatic Valve which controls the temperature of the water supply at the bathtub; Local Stops (shut-off valves) at each fixture, enabling repairs to be made without turning off the complete water system.

TO HELP YOU PLAN—Many informative booklets and folders on home plumbing have been published. One of the most recent and most comprehensive is the 48-page booklet, in full colour, "A guide to Practical Planning of the Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry". It is a valuable source of authoritative information on the various aspects of home plumbing, is full of helpful suggestions to help you plan, presents basic layouts, colour schemes, etc. You can obtain a copy from your Plumbing and Heating Contractor—from any Crane Branch—or by writing to the Crane General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.



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CELESTINE LEMON TAPIOCA

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup quick cooking tapioca
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups rapidly boiling water

Bring to a brisk boil in upper part of double boiler over direct heat, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. When slightly cool, add:

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Sunkist lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated Sunkist lemon peel
Chill. Fold in:
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped
Serve with maraschino cherry garnish. (serves 6)



LEMON CRUNCH ICE CREAM

Combine 2 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh Sunkist lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel. Freeze until firm.

Beat 2 egg whites to a meringue with 2 tablespoons sugar. Whip 1 cup whipping cream. Remove frozen mixture to a chilled bowl. Beat until fluffy. Fold in meringue and whipped cream. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed lemon drops or peanut brittle. Return to tray. Freeze to ice cream consistency. Serves 6.



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loaf. Katie decided to wash "every stitch" she owned and, for that purpose, borrowed a housecoat from her aunt, belting it in on her size twelve figure. She sang lustily over the running water.

As Edith basted the meat loaf, she heard a disturbing furore in the back yard. She looked out the open window. An irate young man, his back to the house, was kicking the dirt off the cave roof and thundering accusingly, "Those are my garage doors. You thought you'd cover them over with dirt and get away with swiping them."

Katie came tripping out the basement door, carrying her half bushel of wet clothes, just as Punkie, spokesman for the cowed little group, stammered that they didn't know he wanted them—because they were just out there in the alley—

He flung back, "Where'd you think I'd keep them? In bed with me so you kids couldn't steal them?"

At that Katie forgot that all little boys were pests. She flew into the fray like a protective mother—or older cousin hen. "Listen here, Ricky Tedrow, you can't call my cousins thieves. Why wouldn't they think those old beat-up doors were just something for the trash collector?"

He turned and faced her for a startled moment. But he stood his ground. "Trash, my eye! I can sell them for two bucks."

"And so you come, bullying these poor defenseless kids. Well, you'll get your precious, priceless doors back."

She issued orders with military crispness. "Ted, you and Fodder-wing shovel every smidgeon of dirt off those doors. Arthur and Jerry and the rest of you, take hold and carry them back and put them in the exact spot you found them in. You don't have to use old rotten garage doors on your cave. I'll take you to the lumber yard and buy you lumber. And you, Ricky, I hope I never see your penny-pinching face again."

He retreated, muttering, up the alley.

Her orders were carried out. All that day Katie made trips to the lumber yard in her aunt's roadster, with Punkie and Ted balancing lengths of board on the running board. Other little boys took them with welcoming hands. By night the cave was again roofed and habitable, complete with camp chair, miner's candle, and the piece of stovepipe stuck through the roof for ventilation.

By night Katie's anger as well as her altruistic interest in her cousins' cave was gone. That night no yellow cloth or purple iris graced the dining nook table. Katie swaddled the meat loaf in waxed paper and put it in the icebox.

The next two days and nights it rained. Two sodden and morbid days with the little boys underfoot, with Katie ironing and regretting. "Why did I have to fly off like that? But when he laced into them—and that poor scared little Fodder-wing stuttering out excuses—and then his seeing me, looking like a displaced person with my hair done up in pin curls and that gruesome polka-dotted housecoat of yours. I simply forgot that your whole future was at stake."

Every time the telephone rang she dropped her iron to answer it. Every time, shameful hope lifted under Edith's ribs. But every call had to do with

Mrs. Hart's gay move to the Westmore.

Saturday the sun came out with bright hot fury. But the cave dwellers perched on the back fence like so many disconsolate sparrows. Ants had taken over the cave. Punkie said, "Arthur left a candy bar in it, and you oughta see it—I mean you can't, for the trillions of ants crawling over it."

Katie fidgeted about, glancing toward the Tedrow home. "If only grandma had something the matter with her eyes, ears, nose or throat."

"But it's all in her joints," her aunt reminded her.

Katie turned appraising eyes upon Edith. "If there was just an emergency. Then we could call him—after all, the Hippocratic Oath—"

"Now look, Katie dear, no open safety pins, no falling downstairs."

Later, when Punkie and Ted came in, Edith sniffed and said, "What are you kids doing with gasoline?"

They were exterminating the ants. Each boy had contributed a can of gasoline to drench the dirt floor and sides of the cave. "Good heavens," she scolded, "that's dangerous. Don't think of going down in it. Why, if you lit a match or that miner's candle—"

"What'd happen?"

The doorbell was ringing, so she said over her shoulder as she went to answer it, "It'd either burst into flame or explode."

The callers were folks who had heard the house was for sale. "You do think we ought to sell it, don't you, Edie?" her mother asked.

"I—don't—know," she said confusedly. Was it only eight or nine days since she had been repeating, "I—don't—know"?

It was a busy, fatiguing day, and Edith had little time or thought either for the gasoline-drenched cave or for Katie's campaign which had fallen flat, along with her own witless hopes. For the visitors returned in the afternoon, bringing family reinforcements for a more minute appraisal.

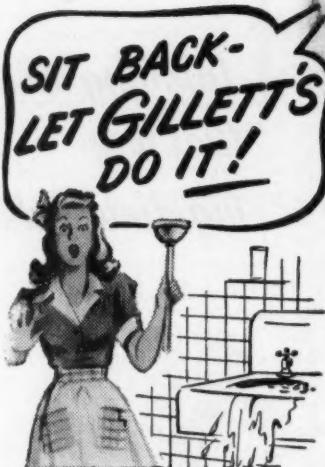
Edith was showing them the basement when she heard Katie outside the back door giving what seemed to be a pep talk to her cousins. "All right—all right, if you want to be selfish little sissies. But you saw her crying her heart out. A lot you care about everybody kicking her around."

Now what could occasion such talk? But she had to answer questions about the heating system—and was the basement damp?

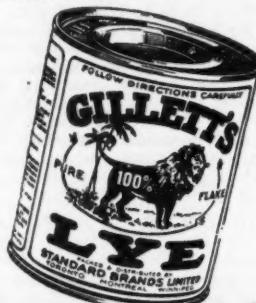
Edith's mother hospitably delayed the prospective buyers longer by inviting them to have iced tea with her in her room. They left, at last, with lingering backward glances at the living room, visualizing their own draperies and baby grand in it . . . It was one thing to talk of selling, and another to expose the rooms—the only ones Edith had known—to the carping scrutiny of buyers.

She went up to her room. She thought vaguely of changing out of the dress she had buttoned that morning, running down the stairs to start her mother's coffee. Instead she dropped down heavily. Tonight, she thought, will be time enough to feel sorry for myself; tonight I'll plan my own lonely life as a basement clerk. My arches are good. I don't have colds.

Her green voile with the lacy collar had been laid out on her bed invitingly.



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But she hadn't laid it out. Sitting there wearily, she was again conscious of some disturbing furore in the back yard. Again she looked out the window.

Punkie and Ted were standing close to the garage. They had a long wire in their hands with a loop at the end, which held a cigarette lighter. It was lighted. She couldn't see the flame but a wisp of smoke trailed from it. She watched puzzledly before it dawned on her. They were testing out the gasoline fumes in the cave. Those crazy kids! Courting either a fire or explosion—her science not being exact enough to say which.

She called to them out of the window. But her voice couldn't carry over the closer and louder one of Katie's, who stood at the back gate, coaching, "No—can't you see where the stovepipe is, you goof? Over this way a little more—stop wiggling it so! That's it! Now give it a flip and drop it—and then run!"

Edith raced down the stairs, through the back hall and kitchen. Even in her hurrying panic, certain details leaped out at her. The yellow cloth on the dining nook table—purple iris in a low vase—

She opened the back door, running, just as a roaring explosion flung black smoke and rubble high in the air. Katie and the boys were running from it, and Edith was running toward it when something hit her on the head with the force of a hammer. Even as it hit, she realized that Katie was galloping up the alley, yelling, "Help! Help! We need a doctor."

Neighbors came in flocks. Hoses played on the flames that licked out of the disrupted cave. The little boys were dusted off, white, shaky, but unharmed. Katie returned with Ricky and the doctor. Katie panted, "The boys just had to see if the gas fumes were out of the cave—I kept telling them to be careful." She looked at her aunt, the stovepipe at her feet, and the rusty soot she was wiping from her eyes, and said, "Oops! We do need a doctor."

Dr. Tedrow said, as he guided Edith's wobbly steps into the house, "I see you're still taking the raps for the family."

"Could be a concussion," Katie said hopefully.

"Could be a dirty gash and the makings of a goose egg," he said.

Edith could never remember the sequence of things. Once Katie hustled in to her on the couch and put a green taffeta bed jacket over the striped housedress. She appeared again after the bandage was on, saying with casual heartiness, "Ricky and I thought a little drink wouldn't do any of us any harm. Drink it down, Aunt Ede." And a little later, "Coffee's on. But Ricky and I have to quick dash out to the Blue Moon and meet some of his pals." She whispered fiercely to her aunt while the doctor was washing, "The scene is set—move in with the artillery."

Edith weaved out to the kitchen to turn the gas lower under the coffee. Dr. Tedrow said, "Sit down, and I'll pour you a cup." The three-day-old meat loaf was already sliced on a platter garnished with parsley. No doubt cucumbers and sour cream reposed somewhere in the icebox.

Punkie stood in the doorway, scrabbling unhappily. Edith reached out to him. "Are you hungry, honey? Come

on in and sit down. Where's Ted?"

But he only clung to the door sill, opening his fist to disclose a quarter. "I lost one of 'em. She gave us two—for a hamburger and a show—but I guess I lost one going up the alley—she told us not to show our face around here—and Ted sent me back—"

"Wouldn't you rather stay here?"

He shook his head dolefully. "Ted's waiting for me. But I need another one—"

Edith gave him a quarter, and sat down again.

And then whether it was the blow on her head, or the "little drink" Katie had given her, or the knowing twinkle in Dr. Tedrow's eyes, but she felt a sudden hot shame steaming through her. And reckless, uncaring anger.

"Of course you know this is all a put-up job," she flung out.

He didn't answer except for a quirk of his lips.

"The sock on my head wasn't pre-meditated."

"I know," he said. "Drink your coffee."

"Katie's idea—and I even carried along with her—was to sell Ricky on my being the willing-hands, loving-heart type. And a good cook. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"She sold him. Never a thought for yourself. Sacrificing your life for your mother. Sending for Katie because Guiana was hot in summer. According to Ricky, you're halfway between a martyr saint and Aunt Jemima with a mixing spoon in your hand."

"I'm not a martyr," she denied hotly. "How do I know I'd have stayed on with mother, if some man had said he couldn't live without me? And it was mother who sent for Katie posthaste to get me a man. I haven't any talent or ambition. I don't know if I could even get a job clerking."

"How would you like a job as receptionist in my office? The one I have is getting married."

"No—and I won't be any of the stray dogs you like to find homes for—" Her voice cracked and she stopped short. She stood up and said flatly, "I've got to fix mother's tray."

"You've got to get to bed," he ordered. "I'm going to phone the Blue Moon and have Ricky and your Katie come home. Katie can fix the tray and do whatever needs to be done. Katie, the safety pin swallower—the fixer," he added with his quirk of smile.

Edith was sound asleep when Katie shook her and said, "Who'd think he was such a masterful type! How'd it go, Aunt Ede?"

She sat up in bed and said happily, foggily, "He helped me up the stairs—and took off my shoes—and gave me something so I could relax."

"I knew there'd be that indissoluble bond. Well, what'd he say?"

"Oh—nothing much." But what he said lay warming her heart . . . "Edie, the way to a man's heart isn't through his stomach. It's through his heart. You can fire your press agent any time . . ."

"Did he make a date with you?"

"He's coming tomorrow to see how the goose egg is" . . . No, and she couldn't tell Katie that he said—he was the masterful type, "Goose egg or no, we're going out to dinner. We'll get away from all this furore and family—and have a little life of our own." *



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TWO HANDY FORMS...POWDERS
AND CAKE...USE THEM BOTH

The safe, speedy cleanser

BON AMI

"hasn't
scratched
yet!"

D DELICIOUS FLANK STEAK DINNERS

Start with a strip of flank steak . . . add seasonings and liquid . . . then cook slowly until succulent and tender. It's as simple as that and economical, too. Try these Institute-tested recipes for flank steak. Here are the complete dinner menus for four.

MENU I

Stuffed Flank Steak	Brown Gravy
Pan-Browned Potatoes	
Buttered Carrots	Brussels Sprouts
Cherry Tarts	
Milk	Coffee
Approximate cost for 4 servings—\$2.23	

STUFFED FLANK STEAK

Approximate cost — \$1.17

Stuffing	monosodium glutamate
1 pound flank steak	1/4 teaspoon
2 tablespoons fat	gravy maker
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup tomato juice
1/4 teaspoon pepper	1/2 cup boiling water
1/4 teaspoon	

Oven Method: Prepare stuffing beforehand. Wipe steak with a damp cloth. Pound meat and score with sharp knife across grain. Spread stuffing in a thin layer on steak. Roll up lightly and tie in 4 or 5 places with string. Fasten the ends with small skewers, if necessary. Then brown the meat; roll on all sides in hot fat in frying pan. Place the meat in a large greased casserole. Combine seasonings, gravy maker, tomato juice and boiling water, then pour in frying pan. Mix with the browned fat in pan. Pour this mixture over meat in casserole. Cover and bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 2 hours or until tender. Serves 4.

Pressure Cooker Method: Prepare stuffing and meat roll as in oven method. Then brown meat on all sides in hot fat in heated pressure cooker. Remove meat and put rack in cooker with feet up. Return meat to rack in pressure cooker and pour over seasonings, gravy maker, 1/4 cup tomato juice and 1/4 cup boiling water. Cover and bring up to pressure. Cook for 30 minutes. Allow pressure to drop gradually. Serves 4.

Note: To make gravy, blend 2 tablespoons flour with the gravy in pan. Gradually add boiling water or hot vegetable water. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MENU II

Flank Steak Casserole	
Carrot Coleslaw	
Small Cheese Wedges	
Buttered Rye Bread	
Fresh Fruit Salad Bowl	
Peanut Butter Date Bars	
Milk	Tea
Approximate cost for 4 servings—\$2.37	

FLANK STEAK CASSEROLE

Approximate cost — \$1.31

1 pound flank steak	1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons fat	1/2 teaspoon chili powder
1 medium onion, chopped	1 cup water
1 can condensed tomato soup	2 1/2 cups raw noodles
1 cup water	1 15-ounce can creamed corn
1 teaspoon salt	

Cut flank steak in 1-inch cubes. Brown in hot fat in frying pan. Add onion and cook until lightly browned. Add tomato soup, 1 cup water and seasonings. Cover and simmer gently for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Add 1 cup water and noodles. Cook for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add corn. Pour into a greased 2 quart casserole. Bake at 325 deg. F. for 30 min. Serves 8.

Pressure Cooker Method: Cut flank steak in 1-inch cubes. Brown in hot fat in pressure cooker. Add onion and cook until lightly browned. Add tomato soup, 1 cup water and seasonings. Cover and bring up to pressure. Cook for 30 minutes. Allow pressure to drop gradually. Then proceed as for general method above.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MENU III

Swiss Steak	Parsley Potatoes
Spinach	Cheese-stuffed Celery
	Peach Upside-down Cake
Milk	Coffee
Approximate cost for 4 servings—\$2.27	

SWISS STEAK

Approximate cost — \$1.22

1/4 cup flour	chopped
1 teaspoon salt	2 stalks celery, chopped
1/4 teaspoon pepper	1/2 green pepper, chopped
1 pound flank steak	1 can condensed tomato soup
2 tablespoons fat	1 cup water
1 medium onion,	

Combine flour, salt and pepper. Spread seasoned flour on both sides of meat, pounding it in with the edge of a plate. Cut meat into serving pieces. Fry floured steak in hot fat in frying pan until brown on both sides. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Cover and simmer on top of stove for 2 hours or until meat is tender. Serves 4.

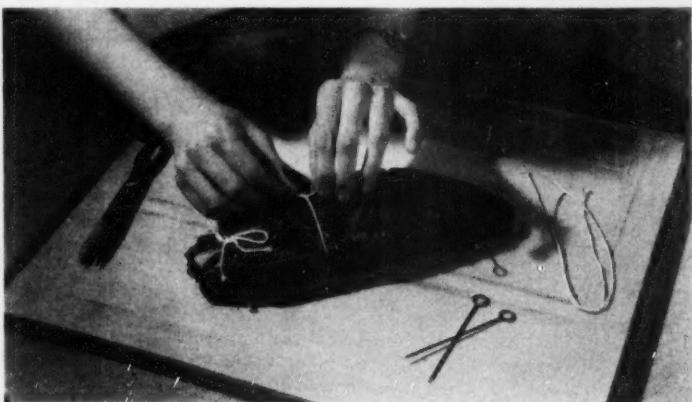
Pressure Cooker Method: Proceed as for general method. Cover and bring up to pressure. Cook for 30 minutes.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

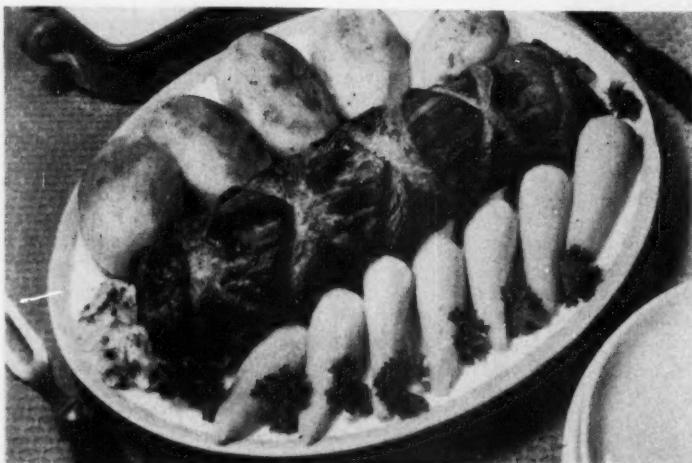
Costs are based on prices effective December 5, 1951.



1 After spreading the prepared stuffing to within an inch of the edge, lightly roll the steak "jellyroll" fashion until all the dressing is sealed in.



2 Tie stuffed roll with four or five pieces of string and fasten ends with skewers. It's now ready for pan browning, then long slow cooking.



3 Here's stuffed flank steak served with browned potatoes and carrots.



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Sweet and Tender

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It takes the golden kernels
of four pedigreed ears like
these to fill one can of
Niblets Brand Sweet Corn.

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Greet the Gang!



*Munchy
Wiener Rolls...*
**no trick at all
with new fast
DRY Yeast!**

Piping Hot WIENER ROLLS

Makes 3 dozen rolls

Scald

1 1/2 cups milk
1/3 cup granulated sugar
3 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile measure into a large bowl

1 cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture and

3 well-beaten eggs

Stir in

4 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in

4 cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Grease top of dough, cover and set in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk.

For your next get-together, pull a trayful of these steaming rolls out of the hot oven—pop in the "weenies" and ply the mustard. My! they're marvellous—and so easily made with the wonderful new Fleischmann's Fast Rising DRY Yeast!

If you bake at home, *all* your yeast problems are at an end with this new Fleischmann's Yeast. Unlike old-style perishable yeast, it doesn't lose strength, needs no refrigeration! Keeps full-strength, fast-acting on your kitchen shelf. Buy a month's supply—ask for Fleischmann's Fast Rising DRY Yeast.

Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 2 equal portions; cut each portion into 18 equal-size pieces; knead each piece into a slim finger. Place, well apart for crusty buns—closer together for soft-sided buns, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 425°, about 15 minutes.



PEANUT BUTTER MAGIC

Continued from page 22

PEANUT BUTTER MERINGUE PIE

Filling:

2 2/3 cups milk	1/2 cup granulated sugar
2 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch	2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons flour	1/2 cup peanut butter
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Scald 1 1/2 cups of milk in double boiler. Mix cornstarch, flour, salt and sugar to a paste with 1/2 cup of cold milk. Add to hot milk and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Continue cooking for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Blend part of hot mixture gradually into slightly beaten egg yolks. Add to remaining mixture in double boiler. Cook 2 minutes. Cool. Beat remaining 1/2 cup of milk and peanut butter until smooth. Add to cooled mixture along with vanilla. Beat together well. Turn into cooled baked 9-inch pie shell.

Meringue:

2 egg whites	4 tablespoons granulated sugar
Few grains salt	
1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar	

Beat egg whites, salt and cream of tartar until mixture stands in peaks but is not dry. Add sugar gradually, beating until mixture is glossy. Swirl meringue on cooled filling and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 minutes or until delicate brown.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PEANUT BUTTER DATE BARS

1/2 cup sifted cake flour	1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/4 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

OLD HOUSE CHARM

Continued from page 20

woodwork and generous garden, they knew this was what they were searching for.

Since then they have remodeled the interior with dramatic results, while respecting the simple, honest charm of the house. They added oil heating, a downstairs washroom, new closet space and compact built-ins; tore out the electric fireplace some past owner had installed, and retained the quaint gingerbread trim outside.

Layers of dark brown paint and years of dirt were their first targets. Upstairs and down, they worked to bring light and color into shabby rooms. The wide plank floors, for instance, were black from years of neglect. After hours of sanding, waxing and polishing, the original rich honey glow was restored. Paint and wallpaper rejuvenated the walls and ceilings. The Lovetts chose wallpaper for most of the rooms because it covers plaster patches better than paint. Wood trim and doors were given double doses of ivory paint, to cover the dark wood stain. The wide staircase and graceful balustrade, samples of period craftsmanship,

1/4 teaspoon nutmeg	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon allspice	1/2 cup peanut butter
1/4 cup shortening	2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup granulated sugar	2/3 cup finely cut dates

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Cream shortening and peanut butter in mixing bowl until fluffy. Gradually add sugar and vanilla, mixing until creamy. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients, combining thoroughly. Fold in dates. Turn into greased 8-inch square pan and spread to edges. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. When cool, cut in 2 x 1-inch bars. Yield: 32 bars.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PEANUT BUTTER CRISPS

1/2 cup peanut butter	2 1/2 cups cornflakes
1/2 cup granulated sugar	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup evaporated milk	

Mix peanut butter, sugar and milk to a smooth cream. Stir in cornflakes. Drop from a teaspoon to ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Let stand on cookie sheet for 5 minutes. Remove to wire rack. Makes 2 dozen crisps.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

COCONUT BALLS (uncooked)

2 cups moist shredded coconut	1/2 cup peanut butter
4 teaspoons vanilla	

Combine all ingredients except 1/2 cup coconut. Shape mixture into small balls. Roll balls in extra 1/2 cup of coconut and chill. Makes 1 dozen balls (about 1/4 pound).

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

cupboards, has a removable counter top. Inset strip lighting above each work area plus flush lights in the ceiling make the room bright and efficient. The window over the sink was a low-sill model. The Lovetts had it removed, turned sideways, and now enjoy a wide-view vista of the garden.

But the pleasant habit of another era is retained, for the table and chairs are set hospitably in the centre of the room. "Somehow or other, our guests always gravitate out here, round the kitchen table," Audrey says.

Fine antiques grace every corner. And like the house itself, they were almost all bargain buys. "Al is a commercial traveler," Audrey explains. "And a completely uninhibited individual. When he passes country farmhouses on his business trips it's not the farmer's daughter he ogles, but the old rocking chair on the porch, or the ancient shutters flapping on one hinge. He rushes up to the door, convinces a startled farmer to sell for a song, and brings the loot home for refurbishing."

Among the resulting treasures are a wall clock dating back to pre-Seth Thomas days, a sideboard of buil walnut with rich chase fittings, and a solid old chest that holds Cindy's wardrobe. Back-country shutters, freshly painted and repaired, are set inside almost every window, adding a touch of Victorian charm.

There are other clever home decorating ideas. The unusual telephone table is a big, old-time table cut in half and refinished. In the master bedroom Audrey teamed two dark grey hobiail spreads . . . one on the bed, the other

as a distinctive window valance.

Al Lovett works hard on the house when he is home, but because he is away a good deal, the Lovetts have hired a number of local workmen to carry through repairs and improvements. And thereby hangs a heart-warming tale of country living.

When they moved into the house Audrey was expecting the birth of a second daughter, Ann. The house-painter volunteered to run messages at any time, and his wife knit an outfit for the expected arrival. The first week in the house Al was away on business, and there was no fire (they have oil heat now). The tinsmith came around with wood every night, laid a fire and kept it going in the ancient and temperamental furnace. He also took away the garbage.

"What a change from the sort of treatment you get in the city!" Audrey says. "We were stunned—and of course, very grateful."

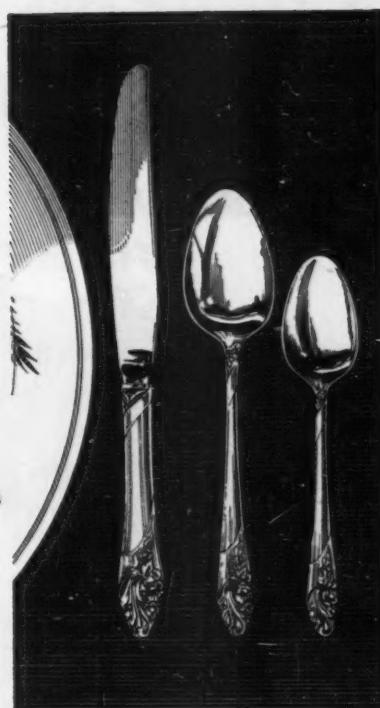
Thanks to the energetic young Lovetts, the old house on Reynolds Street has taken a new lease on life. But the restoration isn't over. This coming summer, they aspire to have a really pretty garden on their 150 by 80 foot lot. Al's backbreaking job last summer was leveling off the land, digging it up and coaxing grass seed to grow.

"That garden was a primeval forest, with too many trees and bushes, and all of them neglected," they both recall.

"The whole place was a wilderness, indoors as well as out," Audrey remembers, looking round the cosy dining room. "Bringing it back to life has been the adventure of our lives." *

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Silvo
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

D-9

How to make Potato Salad Deluxe

Suggested Luncheon Menu

Tomato Juice
Jellied Vegetable Molds
Celery Sticks
Potato Salad Deluxe
Chocolate Blanc Mange
Tea or Coffee

Here is the recipe for a specially good potato salad that your family will call the best they ever ate! Secret of its tempting flavor is the dressing . . . matchless Miracle Whip! Combining the qualities of boiled dressing and creamy-smooth mayonnaise, Miracle Whip gives you a just-right goodness. With potato salad—with all your salads—serve Miracle Whip. You'll see why millions call it the "one and only".



1. Cook and dice enough potatoes to make 4 cups. Prepare 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons of chopped pimento, 2 tablespoons of chopped onion, and 4 tablespoons of chopped pickle. Measure out 2 tablespoons of the pickle juice to add when mixing the salad.



2. Blend in the pickle, salt and pepper to taste, and ½ cup of Miracle Whip. Deluxe potato salad demands deluxe dressing, the lively yet delicate flavor Miracle Whip gives you. No other salad dressing in the world has this unique flavor, and the recipe's a secret.



3. Arrange lettuce on a round chop plate, heap the potato salad in a mound in the center, and garnish with devilled egg halves. Roll slices of bologna into cone-shapes, fill with chopped, pickle relish, and arrange on the lettuce around the mound of salad.

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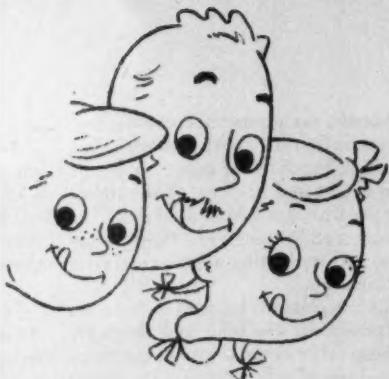


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That's because nothing is left to chance or guess-work in the making of Ogilvie Flour. It is *triple*-tested and sifted through *silk* before it comes to you. Tested first for wheat quality, then for fine and uniform milling — and finally for actual results in the oven!

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OGILVIE FLOUR
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OGILVIE WHEAT HEARTS A quick-cooking cereal made from the choicest part of the wheat kernel. Combines delicious flavour with abundant energy value and easy digestibility.

VITA-B Wheat Germ Cereal provides a pleasant and extra-nourishing breakfast as a change from porridge. Vita-B is the special breakfast cereal with the Vitamin B content and the natural whole-grain flavour.



THE HARD WAY

Continued from page 13

the radio alone. Yet until I was eighteen my mother had to send notes to school with me asking teachers to excuse me from reading out loud!

Although I didn't appreciate any of these obstacles and setbacks at the time, I know now that each one helped me get ahead. And I'm convinced my life never would have worked out this way at all except for my crowning affliction—my height.

My height has colored my whole existence. Nowadays it is the fashion to be tall and those who aren't wish they were. In my teens young people generally hadn't started to reach beanstalk proportions, but at 15 I was already towering over everyone my age. I loathed it and brooded: How could such a gawk get anywhere in life? Who would marry me?

Be a Writer—Have a Son

This made me unimaginably self-conscious. I became afraid of the sound of my own voice—literally afraid to speak for fear of attracting attention. I feared school because I might be asked to get to my feet and read; I didn't dare join any young people's clubs because I might be asked to stand up and answer a question. I just couldn't.

I could only grasp, stutter, grow pale or purple and tremble. I really only talked to one girl all the time I was at school at Branksome Hall; her name was Stella Cameron, and I could talk to her because she was almost as shy as I was. (Stella married and moved to Montreal. After my broadcasts got going she telephoned to ask if I could possibly be the same Claire Wallace who used to black out when she tried to talk at school!)

One of the few times I did go to a party I was asked to play charades and fainted dead away. Even at home when friends called I was struck dumb—although beforehand in my room I used to practice saying one sentence of greeting over and over. And still today whenever I'm asked to address some club or society I wish I could send one of Mother's notes to teacher, "Please excuse Claire from getting up to speak."

One day in my teens I decided desperately that the way to combat the two things that troubled me so much—my height and my shyness—was to acquire two achievements I could be proud of. My cogitations much troubled me, as Daniel says in the Bible, but finally I wrote down my two ambitions:

1. To be a writer (I wouldn't have to talk much).

2. To have a son (not a daughter; she'd be too tall).

Good! I felt enormously better and wanted to get started. At age sixteen and with no husband in sight, I could do nothing about having a son; that would have to wait a few years. But I could prepare for a writing career and, borrowing my brother's typewriter, I began stabbing at the keys, teaching myself to type.

In the next two years I grew a little taller, shrinking inside with unhappiness and mortification for every fraction I stretched up outside. I hounded myself into taking various educational courses and these helped me in my battle against

nervousness and shyness—dancing, piano playing, cooking, sewing, poetry writing(!), a thorough business course.

Mugwump Money

As for beaus—to my surprise and delight, I had my share. Boys didn't seem to mind my height, even the shorter ones. One evening at a school dance I met a tall, attractive man, fourteen years older than I was and a lawyer. There followed a very happy time of being courted, becoming engaged and the delightful realization that I wasn't to be left on the shelf after all. We bought a new home, had a lovely wedding and, a year later, our son was born.

I had my heart's desire. Life should have been beautiful. It was miserable. We were entirely incompatible and being unhappily married is a dreadful and miserable thing to happen to anyone.

We struggled on matrimonially and financially, for we were also desperately hard up and that didn't help any. I searched for a way to earn money at home and my brother Cliff, who was then a reporter on the Toronto Star, suggested I write fillers for country newspapers.

A filler is one of those tiny items on a timeless subject you find tucked into odd corners of your newspaper to fill out a column, such as:

The mugwump bears three young a year and is a good mother.

Renting a typewriter and optimistically hoping to raise the writing of newspaper fillers to the level of a new art I spent hours doing research in the Toronto Public Library. My fillers told the true stories of butterflies that sank a ship, of snow snakes, of double rainbows, blue moons and of the smallest park in the world. Twenty weekly newspapers accepted a monthly batch, each paying a dollar for the service. I was earning twenty dollars a month!—and believe me, I needed every cent of it.

I was tremendously bucked-up and I soon decided the papers were not paying enough for my gems. Writing each editor, I suggested with some firmness that he raise my monthly stipend to two dollars. Wham! Without exception, all twenty dropped me. Sadly I returned the rented typewriter and fate promptly handed me a few more knocks.

My son Wally, then aged five, was found to have an enlarged heart, the aftereffect of rheumatic fever, and was ordered to bed for at least a year in the hope that it could be corrected. About the same time my marriage finally broke up. Taking my sick boy, I moved home to live with Mother and Dad who took us in with open arms, saying not a word about the way we were disrupting their lives and the expense we would be.

Plotting a Job

Now I had to earn a living—but how, when I was without specific training and experience? I decided that a reporter's life was the one for me. My Dad had been assistant city editor of the Toronto Star when I was a baby, my brother Cliff was then a reporter on the paper and my older brother Bill was one of the head men on the advertising staff. I thought it shouldn't be too hard to become the fourth member of our family on the paper, but when I walked into the Star building to ask for a job my knees shook.

Somehow, I reached the office of

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The advertisement features three cans of Aylmer corn arranged in a triangular formation. The top can is labeled 'Aylmer' with 'Vacuum Pack' and 'Tender Whole Corn Kernels Packed without Liquid'. The middle can is labeled 'Aylmer' with 'Golden Corn' and 'Succulent Young Corn Packed in Clear Liquid'. The bottom can is labeled 'Aylmer' with 'Golden Corn' and 'Delicious Golden Corn in Creamy Sauce'. Small illustrations of women in maid uniforms are positioned next to each can. The background includes a large, detailed drawing of a corn cob.

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managing editor Harry C. Hindmarsh, now president of the paper, and quaked out my request. Mr. Hindmarsh was kind but turned me down flat. He said he did not like girl reporters—they always cried when things went wrong.

For nearly two months I hounded Mr. Hindmarsh and finally he confessed my family had pleaded with him not to give me a job: they felt newspaper work was too strenuous for one of my nervous temperament.

I was frantic. I did stop calling on Mr. Hindmarsh (wonder if he missed me?) but I pestered all the newspaper people I knew to help me get a job and one day two Star men hatched a plot to give me my chance. They were Art Wells (now a public relations man in London, Ontario) and Ralph Foster (who is now chief of the United Nations' Film section at Lake Success).

I've forgotten which one of these helpful schemers relayed the plot to me by telephone at home, but it went like this: "There's a woman at the Royal York hotel who claims she's got some kind of beauty secret that will rejuvenate women. Maybe she's a screwball, maybe not—but she should make a good little feature."

"But what about Hindmarsh?" I moaned, although already eager to be off.

"Never mind Hindmarsh. If your story's any good we'll hand it in to the city desk as though one of us had written it. When it's printed you can take Mr. Hindmarsh the clipping as proof you can write. Maybe then he'll give you a job."

I've still got that clipping and reading the story now you'd never suspect the agony and torture that went into it. The first ordeal was the interview itself during which I almost gagged on each question. Then for two days I battered my typewriter, paced the floor, chewed pencils and filled the wastepaper basket with the family's supply of notepaper. I could not sleep, could not eat and grew hollow-eyed with despair. The whole family suffered with me and yet when finished, my article ran only 450 words.

One Cent a Word!

I rushed back to Ralph and Art but when they read my story they liked it so much they reneged on their first offer. They insisted I submit it to Hindmarsh myself. I got through to the great man by phone and pleaded: "Please see me once more. I've written a story for you."

Sitting across the desk from HCH I couldn't even bear to watch him while he read my story and I died a thousand deaths. Then I heard him chuckle and he uttered those beautiful words: "I'll run this tomorrow."

It looked lovely in print. Art and Ralph telephoned congratulations; the Star paid me four dollars and fifty cents and Hindmarsh suggested other story ideas I could write for him on a freelance basis.

For the next few months I kept up a mad pace, often turning out eight or ten stories a week involving all sorts of stunts. I advertised for a gigolo and received 350 replies. I spent a day snooping with department store detectives and thought it was thrilling until they actually arrested a thief—a pretty young girl. I sought a job as a maid to find out how people treated their help; took the ups and downs with an elevator

girl; attended spooky seances staged by quivering spiritualists; interviewed gravediggers, debtors and piano movers.

I was paid a magnificent one cent a word—but there was a lovely dividend because after that first story the Star put my name on everything I wrote. A byline writer! Readers were talking about my stories and within six months Hindmarsh took me on the staff.

No one could have been happier! I was at work by seven every morning, rushed around all day reporting and wrote until midnight many a night, covering everything from club meetings to sensational murders. I blossomed as a columnist, originating the daily "Over the Teacups" column which is still running. I was having such a wonderful time it scarcely occurred to me that at twenty-five dollars a week I was earning less than if I'd stayed a free lance.

Things were going well otherwise, too. Son Wally had recovered his health and was attending school and I had been able to obtain the necessary evidence to start proceedings for a divorce. I had a wonderful glowing feeling that life for me had straightened out at last, my troubles were over and with hard work—and I never minded that—I could shape my destiny from there on.

Sombre Souvenir

Then it happened. Blackmail. There is no uglier word and no more frightening experience. One evening a telephone call came from a man with a quiet voice who said he had been asked by the editors of two of Toronto's weekly scandal sheets to write the story of my divorce. He would not tell me his name but gave me a horrible account of what he was writing and demanded a large sum of money to keep his stories and my name out of these papers. He said I had twenty-four hours to think it over and hung up, leaving me stunned.

Publicity over the divorce would be unpleasant but there was nothing to be ashamed of. What frightened me was the knowledge that any publicity of this type would lose me my job.

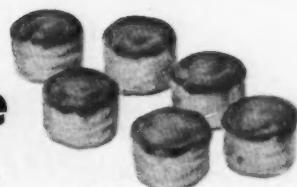
As usual, my father was a rock of comfort and assurance. He said: "We won't pay that rat one cent—and you won't lose your job."

Father went immediately to see the editors of the two scandal sheets and discovered that neither of them had asked for a story on my divorce; in fact, both had rejected the blackmailer's luridly written accounts, but of course I wasn't supposed to find that out.

When the man telephoned again I promised to meet him the following morning in a certain downtown office and pay him off. But the office was our lawyer's and I didn't turn up. I was at work as usual, but inwardly churning with anxiety. I prayed nothing would happen to my Dad or the lawyer for no one could foresee the actions of the despicable character they were meeting who might even have a gun.

That was one of the longest mornings I ever lived through but as I found out later it wasn't the seedy, shifty-eyed blackmailer who got rough. My Dad lunged at him and shook the coward until his teeth rattled and he meekly handed over his stories. The lawyer told him the police had been given a full report on what he'd done but that we would not press charges if he'd swear never again to try to blackmail anyone

Now you can bake



...and roast



at the same time...in the same oven!



See How You Do It? Just put your roast in the bottom oven at 300°. Then while it's roasting put your biscuits in the top oven at 400°. That's all there is to it! And you can cook almost any combination of foods—at different temperatures—at the same time—in Frigidaire's Wonder Oven.

**The first range of its kind!
Frigidaire's new and flexible
"Wonder Oven" Range!**

IMAGINE cooking convenience like this! Two complete ovens become one big oven in just a twinkling! Yes, now—you can pair up roast beef with puddings, casseroles with cake, lamb chops with pie—you can bake and broil at the *same time* in the *same oven*!

Other advantages include beautiful new styling, Cook-Master Clock Control that cooks a meal while you're busy elsewhere, thrifty 5-Speed Radiantube Units and Frigidaire's Lifetime Porcelain inside and out. See Frigidaire's "Wonder Oven" Range now!



← Look! It's 2 Ovens!

Each separate, each with its own heat control. Compact, complete, thrifty. Top oven 10½ inches high, bottom oven 9½ inches high—plenty of room for all normal needs.



Presto! It's 1 Oven! →

Just drop the center heating unit to its bottom position—and there you have one giant oven—20 inches high, 16 inches wide, 19½ inches deep. Holds a 30-pound turkey.

New Frigidaire Electric Ranges

And here's the amazing "Thrifty 30"

Small in size. This little giant of a range is only 30 inches wide, so it's ideal for small kitchens. Yet it gives you practically all the "big range" cooking advantages—oven-space galore and work-saving features.

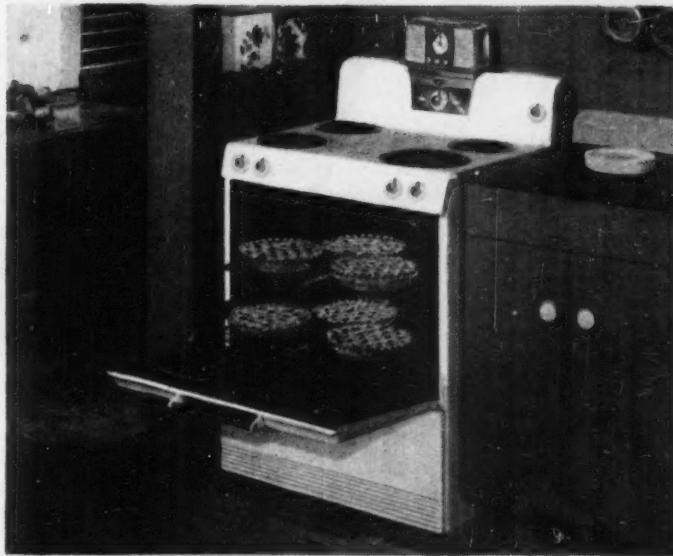
Big in capacity. Yes, the "Thrifty 30" has the biggest oven of any household range—large enough to bake 6 big pies at one time. And four super-fast Radiantube Units give as much surface

cooking capacity as many ranges costing twice as much.

Low in price. Truly this is the world's biggest little range in every way—and yet it's especially low in price! And its beautiful Raymond Loewy styling, Lifetime Porcelain finish, storage drawer on triple-nylon rollers prove there is no finer value to be found. See this amazing "Thrifty 30" at your Frigidaire Dealer's—now!

Learn about the complete line of Frigidaire Electric Ranges—and other household appliances—at your Frigidaire Dealer's. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Leaside, Ontario.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.





Lovely Line-Tamer!

What curves could balk at control when it's done the Warner Way? Girdle illustrated above has the famous Warner Sta-Up-Top†. All elastic A'Lure bra has special friendly but firm lifting features.



Take A Bow, Beautiful!

You can do it easily in these easy-going Warner's that also trim you so prettily for that wee-waist look. Girdle below has Sta-Up-Top†—bra has Sta-Down Band†.

†Exclusive with Warner's.



If you want to impress your audience, darling, remember your lines!

Let these new Warner's direct your charms the way they ought to go. You'll love it, for it's all done by coaxing, not rigid control. Warner's 3-Way-Sized girdles are made from the most pleasingly pliant fabrics that ever "free-wheeled" a curve... and, for a brilliant supporting performance, there's a bra just right for your type. Girdles from \$5.00 and bras from \$2.00 at better stores everywhere.

See Yourself In "Lights"!

Warner's girdles aren't "heavies". They're heavenly light, with curve-hugging elastic for gentle control. Girdle at left with Sta-Up-Top† and front panel of nylon taffeta. Petal-bust bra in broadcloth or satin.

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Sta-Up-Top® • A'Lure®
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in any circumstance. We never heard from him again, but his vicious neatly typed stories about me are among my souvenirs.

For the next four years everything went swimmingly — another satisfying "up" period in my life. I worked desperately hard to keep my byline in the paper, and I began to get better assignments, often involving out-of-town trips. One of the most amazing people I ever interviewed was a twelve - year - old mother in Syracuse, New York—the youngest on record there and in a great many other places. She was such a composed "young woman" whose husband of a year-and-a-half believed she was fifteen, and who looked more like nineteen.

Starving in London

Like every reporter, I have my "greatest scoop" which was never published—Canada's most famous and most eligible bachelor and then Prime Minister, the Hon. R. B. Bennett, was marriage-minded! On a hot tip the Star sent me rushing off to a suburb of Montreal where lived a charming and middle-aged widow, daughter of a titled Toronto man. I met her daughter first, picking cherries on a step-ladder in the garden and she talked freely as she led me into the house. Her mother discussed the plans quite candidly with me. She showed me over the lovely home and, in each room, a handsomely framed photograph of the PM had a featured spot. She pointed out that a tall hedge was to be planted between the house and the road that ran alongside the property. When the big event came off they could thus maintain some privacy from the big crowds they knew would gather for such a newsworthy occasion.

The story I wrote was never published. I learned later that R. B. had stormed into the Star and raised such a fuss that the story was finally killed—the only time that ever happened to me. No engagement was ever announced and the marriage, of course, never came off. I don't know what happened—but I'm convinced the bachelor PM was definitely marriage-minded when I got my story.

My Friday pay envelope by now contained thirty-five dollars but it wasn't enough with a growing boy to support. I had to buy good clothes for the social affairs I covered and I was wearing out Dad's car.

I determined to try for the big time—and to me that meant Fleet Street, London's newspaper row. In June, 1934, leaving Wally with my parents, I took all the money I had in the bank—about three hundred dollars—and sailed for London. The week I left Toronto there were big billboards all over the city advertising me and my Star column, and friends said I was foolish to toss up a job I was getting somewhere in, for a complete gamble.

In London I couldn't find a job on any newspaper and as the months went by I became lonely, frightened and hungry. Frantically answering advertisements, besieging newspaper and magazine offices, I got down to my last few pounds and shillings and subsisted for weeks on a daily meal of a pot of tea and one Lyons' bun. Ugh! To this day I have nightmares in which the raisins in those buns stare at me. Things took a turn for the better when I got a job as assistant to a prominent woman journalist, H. Pearl

Adam, who wrote a column for the Sunday Observer. But it cost every cent I earned to live in London, and when I finally sailed home in June, 1935, it was lucky Mother met me in Montreal. I came back without a cent.

Panic at the Mike

Back in Toronto I had to start all over again. The Star, famous for rehiring the victims of its firings, was mightily hurt if anyone left voluntarily, and if you once quit you could never get back. I tried to write for magazines and advertising agencies, but although I pounded on many doors no one was interested. After ten months of no work and no pay Claire became a very worried girl—then one day Ronalds Advertising Agency telephoned and offered me a job—broadcasting.

All I could think of was "Oh, no, not that!" Me—tongue-tied Wallace.

For a startling sixty-five dollars a week I was to broadcast five fifteen-minute shows weekly, each containing half-a-dozen items. I was to do my own reporting, write the 3,000-word scripts, direct, produce and "voice" the show. That fearful word—voice!

But I needed the money desperately and I hated to be beaten by my old bogey. Tremblingly, I agreed to do it—and I'll never forget those first broadcasts in the spring of 1936.

I used to try to talk myself out of my jitters by whispering "I'm not afraid . . . I'm not afraid," ten times before each show. And how I prayed! I even took a course in whistling to help my breath control. Friends suggested I numb myself with nembutal tablets before facing the mike or bolstering my nerve with a stiff drink, but I knew such crutches would only make me feel less sure of myself.

Lloyd Moore, now station manager of CFRB, Toronto, was my announcer and the shows were agony for him, too, because he never knew what I was going to do next. We broadcast sitting before the microphone because my trembling legs wouldn't support me, and the pages of my script had to be pasted on cardboard or they would have crackled like a forest fire in my trembling hands.

Almost blacking out with fear, I used to struggle frantically to my feet several times a broadcast, desperate to get away from that awful microphone. And yet somehow I could keep my face in front of it and keep the words coming so the show would go on. You think this is exaggerated? Ask Lloyd Moore, Elwood Glover, Bruce Smith or any of the other sympathetic and helpful announcers who have worked with me.

The public (bless you) was kind, as demonstrated to my sponsor by mail and sales, and gradually I calmed down somewhat. To this day, though, I have not entirely shaken that sickening fear that assails me when I face a mike or an audience. And had I ever dreamed, that morning of May, 1936, when I first forced my quavering voice into a microphone, that I would one day talk my way from coast to coast and set off a minor sensation in Parliament, I know I'd have dropped dead on the spot. *

Next month Claire Wallace will tell the exciting story of her career in radio—from a single station to a national network, covering singing seals and royal weddings . . . and picking herself up again every time life "smacked her down." In March Chatelaine.

Why Kate was always late...



"What's the matter this time, Kate? You're late again and the boys won't wait for ever."

"It's the darned zipper on this dress—it just won't work no matter how I try."



"Well, no wonder! You're asking for trouble when you get poor zippers like this one. I never have the troubles you do and I'll tell you why."

"All right, what is the magic answer, smarty?"



"Because I always look for a Lightning zipper. I've had this suit for ages, and the zipper works just as well now as the day I bought it."



"We always recommend Lightning because we know from experience that our customers get perfect zipper service with Lightning. It's the mark of a well-made dress. In fact, our Notions Department sells more Lightning zippers for home sewing than all other brands combined. Lightning was the first zipper, you know, and it's still the best by far."

DON'T BE A "Late Kate"—

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TWO PEOPLE

Continued from page 10

one hand he turned back to Sullivan.
"Shot?" he said.

"The old lady's dead," Sullivan said.
"Somebody shot her, right next door
here, next apartment. And you didn't
hear it happen?"

"Never heard a thing," Bill said. "But

I had my earplugs in when I went to bed. I do that, sometimes, forget 'em, take them out later in my sleep."

"Earplugs," the short, squat officer said. "Like what?"

So Bill found the little pink plugs he used in his ears and passed them around for inspection.

"They're the only thing I've found that'll keep Dorabelle's yakety-yak from penetrating." He paused and corrected himself. "That used to keep Dorabelle's yakety-yak—You have to

moisten them," he said to Sullivan, "stick them in and screw them around."

"You a student?" Squatty said.
"Working your way through?"

Bill said he was a student, and he was paying his own way.

"I don't like handouts," he said briefly. Squatty and the fellow near the door gave him a moment's sharp inspection, but Sullivan, leaning forward, tapped Bill's arm.

"Say something loud," he said, "real loud."

Presently he pulled the plugs from his ears.

"You can hear through those things," he said. "Not much, but some. You could hear a shot."

"Not if you were asleep, you couldn't," Bill said. After a while they told him to stay close to his room, there were some other people to talk to, and after that they clogged up at his door and eased out through it one at a time, closing it quietly behind them.

Bill started looking for a cigarette. He was lighting it when he heard sounds again near the door, and he turned around thinking maybe Squatty wanted to try the earplugs this time, but it wasn't Squatty. It was a girl.

"Well," he said. "Tiddley Winks."

This girl was bullet-size, wrapped from head to foot in a flannel kimono with a ruffle at the neck and a belt tied snug around the middle. Her blond hair was flattened to her head in pin curls held there with two thousand bobby pins, and she was carrying a paper bag, a brown paper bag.

"I only ate two doughnuts for dinner so I had some left over," she said. "And I brought some milk, if you have glasses. Coffee keeps me awake. Does it bother you?" She had freckles across her short nose, and her big blue eyes were the size of quarters.

"Nothing bothers me," Bill said, "except people. I don't like people, policemen, blondes."

"Did you like Dorabelle?" the girl said. She was noticeably polite. Washing two glasses at his sink she was noticeably tidy, too.

"Who did?"

He had no time in his life for women, maybe never would have. He was making his own way the best he knew how and he didn't want help or interference from anybody. He was hungry, however. He was always hungry.

"I tried to like her," the girl said, "but I never did get acquainted with both of her. I haven't lived here very long, about 10 days, I'm right across the hall from Dorabelle. You didn't know that, probably, but I've seen you coming and going sometimes."

With his mouth full of doughnut and his milk glass halfway to his lips, Bill said, "What'd you just say? Both of her? What do you mean by that?"

"These doughnuts aren't very good, are they? Why, I mean everybody is two people. You know that, don't you? Two people and sometimes more than two people... The you I'm talking to right now, for instance, maybe isn't the you you are at all. Maybe the real you does like people, only this other you acts mad all the time so people won't find out. Humans are queer, aren't they?" She sighed.

"Brother, just!" First a murder, now a nut. "You going to eat that other doughnut?" he said. No use wasting it. "What did you say your name is?"

"Vanny," she said, "for Vanessa. Vanessa Priebel, and I'm a suspect too." She smoothed the flannel garment covering her knees. "I thought, both of us being suspects, we could help each other, maybe."

"Now, wait," he said. "Now, wait. I don't want help from anybody. My uncle had me pushed off on him when I was a kid, and he never let me forget it. 'I'm not going to help you,' he said, 'and nobody else will, either.' I learned fast." He could feel the old anger

Cream Puffs that melt in your mouth



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there's no 'if'n'ing'
with Swift'ning*!"*

says Mrs. R. Taylor, Edmonton

LIGHT AS A CLOUD! These fluffy, tender cream puffs are the most delectable morsels you've ever sunk a sweet tooth into! And they're only one of 99 luscious treats you can make with Swift'ning's wonderful Make-Your-Own Mix... the basic Mix you prepare in your own kitchen and keep on hand for any of the 99 delicious cakes, pies, breads, cookies and meat dishes!

To make Swift'ning's magic Mix, combine nine cups sifted all-purpose flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup baking powder and one tablespoon salt. Then blend in 2 cups Swift'ning. It's as easy as that! Write today to Martha Logan, Swift Canadian Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., for your FREE copies of the Make-Your-Own Mix recipe book (containing 77 recipes) and "Popular Request" (containing 22 additional recipes using the Mix). Swift Canadian Co., Limited.

Cream Puffs

Yield: 5 large puffs
1 cup Swift'ning Make-Your-Own Mix (do not add water)
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water,
2 eggs

Add Mix to boiling water in a sauce pan. Stir over low heat about 1 minute until dough is smooth, follows the spoon, and forms a ball. Remove from heat immediately. Add eggs one at a time, stirring and beating until mixture is blended. Beat vigorously. Drop by spoonfuls on baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) for 15 minutes. Then reduce heat to 350°F. and bake 20 minutes more. Let stand in warm oven (with door open), about 10 minutes to dry out. FILLING: Whip 1 cup whipping cream, sweeten with sugar, flavor with vanilla. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped maraschino cherries. Fill cooled puffs.

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You may win a gorgeous Mink, Persian Lamb or Musk-rat coat in Swift'ning's big Fur Coat Contest. To enter, simply write your name and address on a Swift'ning carton top and mail to: Swift'ning's Fur Coat Contest, Box 446, Terminal A, Toronto, Ont. Details and prize list at your food store.

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Good Cooks are SWITCHING TO SWIFT'NING

swelling up inside him again. "I've been paying my own way ever since I was big enough to start hauling swill for the hogs. I'm doing all right too. I don't want help," Bill said, "from anybody."

She leaned toward him, her eyes as bright as sapphires.

"That isn't you," she said. "That isn't the real you."

Bill stood up.

"You'd better go on home."

"I expect you're pretty tired," she said. "I am, too, a little. I clerk in Penney's downstairs store. Socks." She washed the glasses again, dried them. "You ought to clean things up in here. This is a mess," she said.

"You ought to mind your own business," Bill said. "The real me likes things this way." And he washed the milk-bottle himself and shoved it at her and started her toward the door, the pink flannel of her kimono making a soft little shushy noise as she moved. "You can get yourself into a lot of trouble, nosing around."

At the door she stopped like a stubborn jenny, and he found his hands full of her for a startled moment. He backed away.

"I've got to find out who did the murder," Vanny said.

"What for?" he said. "What good will that do you?"

"My reasons," she said, with dignity, "are purely personal."

Bill didn't care. He was glad to get the door locked behind her and to crawl back into his bed which was cold by this time. The moon had shifted around until it was leering right into his face, and 40 questions leaped into his head and went around and around like popcorn in a vending machine, firing first from this corner and then from that. He couldn't sleep. He hadn't asked Vanny if she'd heard the shot. He should have done that. And he should have asked Sullivan when the murder had occurred, and whether they'd taken Dorabelle to the morgue, or was she still lying next door figuring ways to bedevil the devil. He tried feeling sorry for her for a minute or two, but he wasn't a hypocrite. It was a miracle she'd survived as long as she had.

Presently he got around to realizing that murder was an ugly word, even meting justice to Dorabelle. Murder was committed by a murderer, and murderers had a nasty way of committing the same act twice when people started looking for them. Vanny was already looking for the murderer. Well, let her. Was it his business?

Presently he got up and switched on his light and began an angry survey of his dinky room. Up here on the tenth floor the apartments were shrunk to the size of his pocketbook, which was why he lived here. It hardly seemed worth while picking things up, but it gave him something to do.

Dorabelle's death was murder all right, but who'd have the nerve to walk in on her and pop off a gun a couple of times in the middle of the night, with people sleeping in rooms all up and down the hall. Unless the elevator had been going when the shots were fired. The elevator made a considerable clatter, going up and down, and the elevator was across the hall from Dorabelle's. It was beside Vanny's corner room, but it seldom ran after midnight, week days.

Obviously a nut had killed the old lady.

Vanessa Priebel was the only nut Bill knew.

He worked afternoons in a pharmacy on Main Street near the campus. The man he worked for, Gavin Polk, used pharmacy students when he could, and when business was slack he did a good deal of talking to them. He had an idea that anybody with average brains could graduate in pharmacy, but it took a man of special gift to be a good pharmacist.

Bill was in the back of the store that afternoon, behind Polk's cage, doing a little pestle pushing, listening to sodas being slumped out in front at the counter, when it came to him that Gavin Polk might be able to give him advice. Polk was a tall thin man with a balding head and a chronic stoop, but his special gift in pharmacy was understanding people. He always knew why they did what they did.

"Look," Bill began, "there was this chick who dropped in on me at two-

thirty this morning. I've been wondering some about her." He told the story. Polk had read some of it in the papers and he listened to the rest of it with solemn attention.

"Wanted you to clean up your room?" he said at last. He looked at Bill through his unrimmed spectacles, his tired eyes bright with speculation. "That's what she said? She wanted you to clean your room. Aren't the police going to wonder some when they come back and see your room slicked



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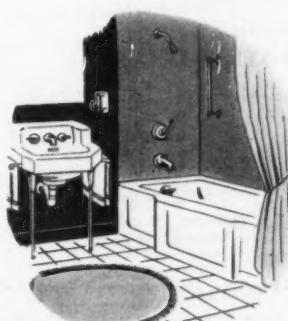
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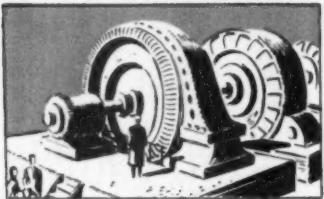


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C-5201

up. Aren't they going to think, maybe, you were afraid you'd left evidence lying around, and the only way to make sure—How well do you know this girl?"

"Never saw her before in my life."

Polk, his stiff white coat standing out from his gaunt frame, began shaping fat white pills again. He said it wasn't easy to figure a woman under any circumstances, but a few little things occurred to him.

"She was disturbed, possibly frightened, or she wouldn't have called on you with her hair done up in bobby pins. Women generally hate to let a man get an honest look at them. That food she brought, too, makes me feel"—he was saying all of this reluctantly—"she wanted you to think she was just being friendly. And asking for help, she didn't come right out and say she wanted you to help her. You were to help each other."

"I told her off on that," Bill said with satisfaction.

"Yes. Well, your point of view on that needs reviewing, but we're not talking about that now. There's the chance, of course, that having a murder committed right across the hall from her made her feel the sudden need of companionship."

"She didn't get it," Bill said.

Gavin Polk said finally and firmly, "I think she bears watching."

"I think she's a nut," Bill said, which brought his thinking back to its point of departure.

On his way home, around six o'clock, he bought a can of soup and a quart of milk and a loaf of rye bread; he wasn't very hungry. When he stepped into the elevator at the apartment house, Lafe, the elevator boy, was reading Toynbee. Daytimes Lafe ran the elevator, but nights, after eight, the lift became automatic. Lafe was a short, thick-set man with the high forehead of the intellectual. All he wanted from life, or ever had, was the chance to read. It had been Dorabelle's malicious practice to interrupt him as often as she could, and Lafe said, closing the elevator door behind Bill and starting the cage upward, things were certainly peaceful with Dorabelle gone. In his mind, he said, her death was a true mercy killing. Now if the police would only leave she could be quickly and happily forgotten.

"But I am inclined to deduce from the evidence I've seen up to this specific moment," Lafe said, scanning Bill with his dim blue eyes, "the police are not only baffled, but somewhat alarmed for the others of us who might, unwittingly, you apprehend, reveal by some innocent statement more knowledge concerning this contretemps than would prove healthy." He deplored the colloquial and he cleared his throat in apology. "What do you know about it?" he said, in brisk recovery.

"Not a thing," Bill said. "Not one damn thing."

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"You're the exception," Lafe said, peering at him. "Everyone else seems to know all about it, even those of our residents who spent the night somewhere else."

There were policemen in the dingy hall when Bill stepped out on the tenth floor. There were people talking to policemen and policemen talking to people; someone wanted to move out, but the police liked having everyone nestled down right here. That was all right with Bill, so long as he could nestle down alone.

He opened his door and walked in to find Vanessa Priebel cooking hamburgers on his two-plate stove. She was wearing a dress covered by a capacious white apron, and her hair was a silky yellow froth all over her head.

He clapped the door shut with the air of a mountain man anticipating revengers and stood, letting fury build up in him before he spoke. So she had the first word.

"It's almost ready," she said, "if you'll wash your hands. And I don't think you should go away and leave your door unlocked. Dorabelle always left her door unlocked because of fire, suffocation, you know, fumbling for the key to let herself out, and look what happened to Dorabelle. You tidied up, didn't you?" She swept her bright blue glance over the premises. "I like a man who accepts suggestion," Vanny said, "although I felt a little timid last night about speaking."

"Like fun you did," Bill said.

She surveyed him calmly.

"You aren't used to someone like me who's only one person. Most people you know are two people, like you. But I found out it isn't much harder to be one person than to be two people. All you do is stop pretending. Do you like hamburgers rare or well-done?"

"I don't like hamburgers," Bill began, and paused because it occurred to him he didn't have to lie, he could tell the absolute truth and still be insulting.

"I don't like finding you here. This is my place," he said.

She nodded. "I didn't think you would. I hope those buns are still warm. They were just out of the oven at the bakery. Shall I sit over here? Do you usually sit over there? I thought you'd be mad, but the police talked to me again today, and I thought I ought to tell you what I told them because they're going to ask you about it." The hamburgers were tastier than Bill's, although he was outstanding himself with hamburgers. "Have a little of the broccoli," Vanny said, "I don't like it much myself, but it's a pretty color. I told them about hearing your door last night, around midnight."

"So what? I went to the bathroom."

"Then I heard it again, at twelve fifteen."

"I came back," Bill said triumphantly, "from the bathroom. Where are we now?"

"Dorabelle was shot between twelve and twelve fifteen," Vanny said, and bit into her bun.

It made Bill thoughtful. It made him very thoughtful. Between twelve and twelve-fifteen, then, any nut—Vanny, for instance—could have stepped into Dorabelle's room and popped off a couple of shots, and stepped out again while Bill, Dorabelle's closest neighbor, was beyond earshot, in the community bath.

"So you heard the shots?" he said. Smart, he thought.

Vanny looked at him blandly.

"I heard something," she said. "That's why I looked out to see if a cable had snapped on the elevator, only it hadn't. The elevator was there, with the door propped open the way people sometimes leave it when they're going to use it right away again. I'll try a little catsup on this other half, please. The elevator was there. It was dark. There was somebody in it."

Bill jumped. That bland look again from Vanny's blue eyes which were the size of quarters.

"How do you know there was somebody in it?" he said.

She was superbly composed.

"It was breathing," she said. She hadn't waited, she said, to pull a kimono over her nightgown so she had gone back into her room, and presently the elevator had started down. "That's what I told the police," she said.

There was Vanny's corner room,

across from Dorabelle's, beside the elevator, and next to the elevator there was the stairwell with the bathroom just beyond. Bill's room was across from the elevator. During the space of 15 minutes a man who knew this end of the hall could dodge in and out and here and there like a ground squirrel with several exits to its underground nest. Bill, feeling odd little pricks like alarm beginning along his nerves, stared at the petite-sized blonde. She looked back with those big blue eyes.

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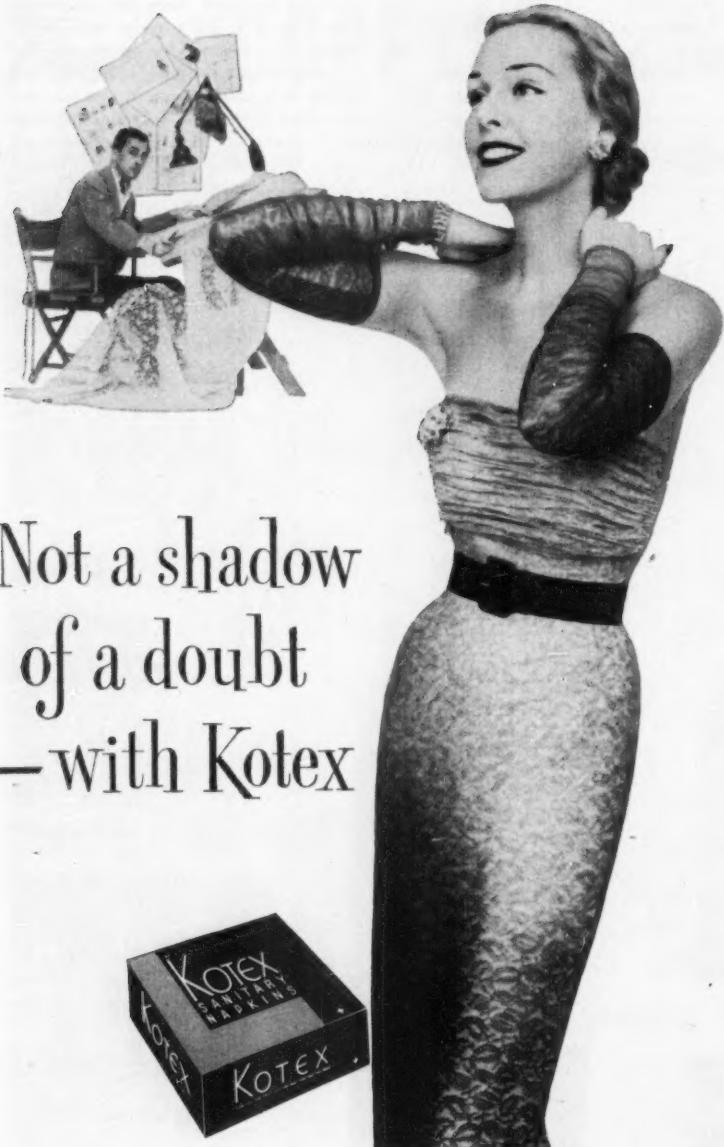
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"I wish I knew which one of you is you," she said, and rising, cleared the table with deft and tidy speed. "I'll wash and you wipe. I like to help people and have people help me."

"I don't," Bill said. But what could he do later when, opening the door to his closet, she hung her capacious apron on one of the hooks. Hooks were available because what should have been hanging on them was lying on the floor.

"My," she said, "this is messy. It's bigger than mine. But it's in the same position, right beside the door, and I keep banging the doors into each other, going in and out. I suppose you do, too?"

"No," Bill said. But he suspected that one of him was beginning to sag a little, and it might take both of him, plus, to be a match for this zany.

She came back to him and laid a small hand, weightless as a snowflake, against his cheek.

"I don't think you walk in your sleep," she said. Whisking through the door she brushed against the light switch, and for one moment Bill stood in total darkness. "Excuse me," she said, "that was awkward," and switched the light on again, and went away. He scarcely noticed. His cheek where she'd touched it was smoking, and he was still standing where he was, feeling peculiar, when the law called on him for the second time. Sullivan walked in, followed by Squatty.

"Sit down. Pull up a chair. Make yourself comfortable. Have a cigarette," Bill said wearily. "Play pinochle, either of you?"

"Always a wise guy," Squatty said.

But Sullivan, red-headed, blunt-faced, was patient.

"You ever go to fairs?" Sullivan said.

"They're all nuts, Bill thought, all nuts."

"Listen," he said, "I want you to understand me. Most people don't, but I'm fond of you two, I want things to be honest between us. I go to college. I don't have much dough. I work afternoons. Nights I study. Work, study, work, study, get it? I don't go to movies, I don't date girls, I don't go to fairs. And all I want," he said, his voice developing crescendo, "is to live here by myself, minding my own business."

"You better get over that," Squatty said. "This ain't a one-man world."

"The woman on the other side of you here, and the woman in the apartment beyond that went to the fair. Stayed overnight," Sullivan said, "last night."

"If a Zulu native collected human pelts next door to me I wouldn't know it," Bill said. "I use earplugs, remember? Earplugs."

"There wasn't anybody in the next apartment, either," Sullivan continued in his painstaking voice, "nor the one across from it. Traveling salesmen. Gone last night. Who would know all those people would be gone last night? That's what I ask myself. Who would know that? Well," he rubbed the badge on his breast. "You ever walk in your sleep?" he said.

"No," Bill said in a loud voice.

"But you take them little pink things out of your ears, sometimes, in your sleep," Squatty, crafty, leaning close, looking hard at him.

"I roll over sometimes, too," Bill said. "I kick my covers off. I lose my

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pillow. I snore. But I don't walk in my sleep."

Sullivan stood up.

"Routine question. Narrows things some. Clears up a couple of matters."

"Who found her?" Bill said. "If she died between twelve and twelve-fifteen it didn't take you boys long to start looking for the guilty man."

"Janitor found her," Sullivan said. "Came upstairs around twelve-thirty to mop the hall and saw the door standing open. Reached in to close it and saw the body, lying on the bed. Moonlight helped. Showed the blood. Well, we'll talk to Miss Priebel again. She's been helpful."

Bill didn't get much sleep that night, and the next day began with trouble too. A man in plain clothes was waiting for him outside his door. He had a detective's police badge in his hand. He showed it to Bill, flashing it in the light from the high window at the end of the hall.

"You planning to be back here again tonight?" he said.

"Yes," Bill said. He didn't feel like a wise guy this morning.

On campus somebody put a newspaper into his hands, and there was last year's yearbook picture of him. Under the picture there was a caption: "William F. Gersted, Dorabelle Adkins' neighbor, claims she screeched."

Gavin Polk, that afternoon, wanted to know if Bill had friends in the apartment.

"No," Bill said. "Fortunately."

"Bill," Gavin Polk said, "a good pharmacist is friendly. He likes people.

He wants people to like him. He talks to people. He wants them to talk to him. You're in a spot here, and you need friends. Friends could vouch for you, help you."

"I don't want help," Bill said through his teeth.

Vanessa Priebel stepped into the elevator just ahead of him when he came home that night. Lafe laid aside Thoreau's Walden, and started the cage toward the tenth floor. The old cage rattled on its cables, and the single unshielded light bulb overhead shed trembling light. There was the odor of a hundred different evening meals trembling in the cage, too.

Vanessa didn't seem to have anything special to say to Bill. But she was glad to see him. She said so.

"So you can tell the police?" Bill said. It made him a little sick to see how innocent her eyes remained, but it made him a little sore, too.

"We are still infested with the stalwart representatives of law enforcement," Lafe said, banding the three in the cage together against the injustices of the world, but Vanny said she had grown fond of Sergeant Sullivan, and she would miss him.

"Where are you going?" Lafe said. "Nobody's allowed to move out."

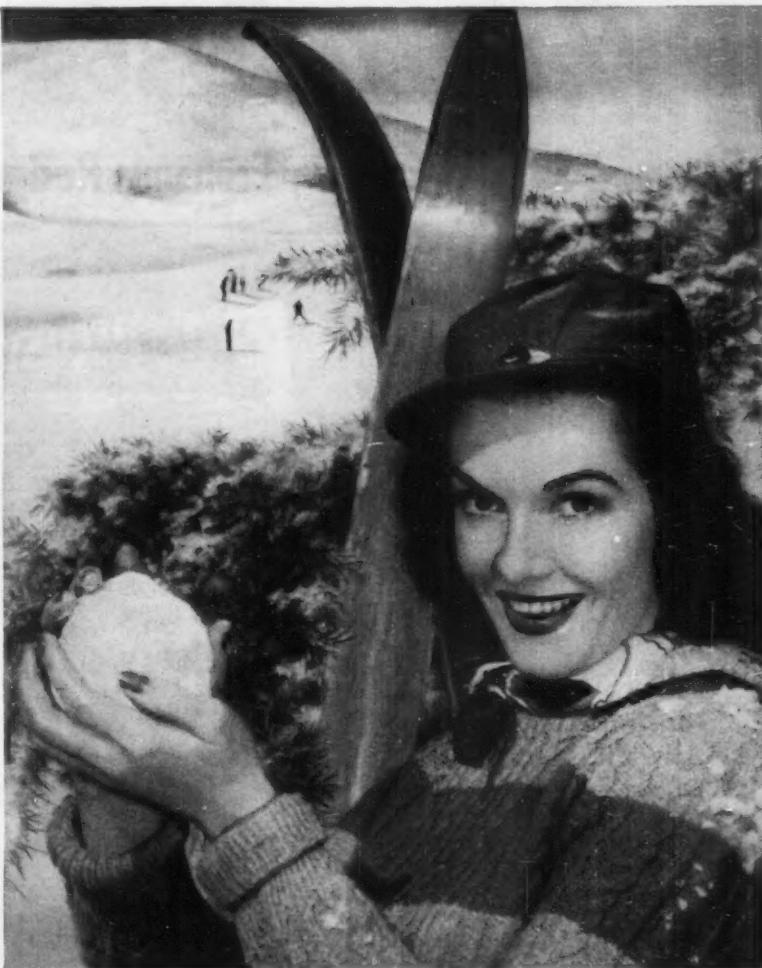
"I'm not going," Vanny said. "Sergeant Sullivan is. They all are. I've come to know them quite well in the last day or two, and they told me."

"It's a change, having them tell you something," Bill said. "I understand you've been telling them."

"I just told them what I told you I'd told them about hearing someone

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1 flat can (half-pound size)
canned salmon

Melt butter in saucepan over medium heat. Stir in flour and salt; cook 1 minute; remove from heat and add 1/4 cup diluted Carnation Milk; blend carefully until all lumps are gone. Add remaining milk and return to heat, stirring constantly until sauce thickens and boils. Add salmon, heat, and serve immediately over freshly made toast. Serves 4-6.

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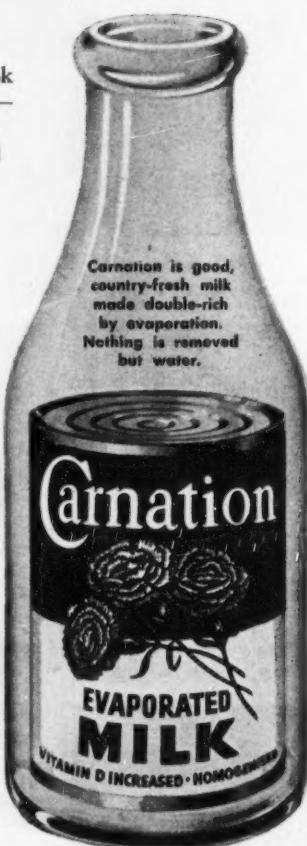


Another Delicious
Carnation-and-Salmon Recipe

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1 tall can salmon (1-pound size)
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Flake salmon with a fork. Add remaining ingredients; combine lightly. Turn into greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 40 minutes, until set and lightly browned. Serves 6. You'll vote this the smoothest, finest-flavored salmon loaf you ever made. Extra delicious served with cream sauce made with Carnation.



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breathing in the elevator. But I didn't tell them about seeing a man dodging into the elevator, just before I heard him breathing." The cage stopped at the tenth floor. "I'm not sure I recognized who it was I saw, anyway," Vanny said, stepping out. "It was a short, chunky man, but it wouldn't be very helpful to them if I wasn't absolutely sure. I'm almost absolutely sure, but that isn't enough, is it?"

"What are they pulling out for?" Bill said. "They haven't got the murderer."

The cage rattled downward again, and Vanny halted with Bill at his door.

"They're awfully smart, with a little help, police are," she said. She gave him her bright smile and moved across the dark hall to her own room. She applied her key and disappeared.

She didn't come back for dinner. Bill waited an hour or so before he heated the can of soup he'd expected to use for last night's meal. It tasted less like soup than usual and he couldn't get very much of it down. The rye bread had dried out some, too. Nothing tasted good to Bill, including life, when he laid out his books at last and tried to study. The old clock on his chest of drawers announced each tick and each tock specifically, and outside, in the street below, the traffic sounded as unrelated to the human mind as it always does.

Thought of the human mind recalled Vanny to Bill and he wondered what she was up to now. He wondered if she could commit murder. He wondered if she'd made up all that stuff about hearing someone breathing in the elevator. About seeing somebody short and

chunky. Hey, Bill thought, I'm short and chunky.

He wondered how crazy she was.

Her knock made him jump. It was a gentle knock, too, a very quiet knock, but it yanked him right out of his chair. When he opened the door she came in with that shushy noise her pink kimono made. Her hair was done up in bobby pins again.

"I baked an apple pie," she said, "and I brought you a piece. Your light was still on. I saw it shining under the door."

He didn't get it. He just didn't get it. And when, a very little while later, she looked at her watch and said it was almost midnight and she mustn't stay, he didn't get that either. She put her warm fingers to his face again, for good night.

"Get right to bed," she said, "and stay there."

Leaving, she had a brief battle with the closet door, brushed the light switch again, murmured, "Excuse me, that was awkward," and closed Bill's outer door. She even forgot, this time, to turn the lights back on again. Bill didn't bother, either. He took off his bathrobe and put it on the floor and crawled into bed and shivered. He couldn't sleep.

He lay awake and thought that a dismal day had ended with a dismal night, and tomorrow looked dismal, too, and maybe the next day; and maybe the rest of his life. But the touch of Vanny's hand remained warm and gentle on his cheek, and the warmth began to spread like a growing murmur through his veins, a murmur that mounted and mounted until his head was ringing.



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The horrible thought came to him that, maybe, in spite of himself, he was becoming one people. He began to sweat. But the murmur grew until the ringing in his head exploded into thought, a flashing furrow of clear thought.

Vanny was no murderer. She wasn't even crazy. She had come to him in honest need of help. Why? Because if Vanny had seen the murderer he had seen Vanny too, and she had come to Bill, popping in and out of his room, to indicate to anyone who might be observing that she had Bill's protection. And Bill? What had he done? He'd nursed his grudge against the world. Especially Vanny.

He pushed back his covers. His bare toes curled back again from the cold bare floor but he scarcely noticed. He went to his door and pulled it open and started into the hall. At exactly that moment Vanny's door, open, flooded with moonlight, silhouetting a man, began to close quickly, furtively.

Lafe. Short, thick-set Lafe, driven berserk by Dorabelle's screeching. After Vanny now, to wipe her out before she became absolutely sure she had recognized that figure darting into the elevator.

Bill kept on moving. He was almost at Vanny's door when a man touched his arm.

"Get out of here," a dead voice said, not a whisper, something less than a whisper, but distinct, vigorous in his ear. "We'll get him when he comes out. We saw him." It was the man who had stopped Bill with a flash of his badge that morning in the hall.

"Vanny's in there," Bill said, but somebody behind him slugged him with a hard, persuasive instrument. He felt arms easing him to the floor. Somebody put a foot on his chest.

"Stay there," that dead voice said, "and shut up."

They got Lafe when he came out. He wasn't in Vanny's room long. There were no shots. Bill, watching from the floor, saw the short, furious tussle as the plainclothesmen took Lafe's gun away and clapped him into handcuffs. They wasted no time. They hustled him into the elevator and started it down, the cage shivering, the cables whining.

Bill got up and, staggering a little, made a dizzy start for Vanny's door, but somebody took hold of him again, tugging him back toward his own apartment.

"Bill, for heaven's sake, I told you to go to bed and get to sleep."

"Vanny," he said, all tenderness. "Dear little Vanny."

She got him inside his room. She turned on the light and sat him down. She stood, with her hands on her hips, lashing him with an angry glance.

"After all the work I've done," she said. "After all the trouble I've been to, planning this whole thing, persuading the police, hiding in your closet, all to prove to them that you didn't walk in your sleep and you couldn't have killed Dorabelle, and then you have to get up and go wandering around in your pyjama pants, spoiling everything. What will they think? They'll think we're both crazy, that's what they'll think. Honestly! Honestly! Now we'll never never get Lafe."

"They've got him," Bill said. He was still dizzy. "And I think I'm bleeding." He could feel a drip on the back of his neck.

"Bleeding," Vanny said. "Bleeding, Bill. Oh, darling, you are bleeding."

He didn't say much while she washed and bandaged him. He was thinking that when One People got mad she certainly got mad. He was thinking she'd put herself in considerable danger for a man who'd been downright mean to her throughout.

And then that murmur began along his veins again, and he had a thought, one flashing thought.

"When did you first make up your mind to marry me?" he said.

"The first time I saw you, naturally," she said. "Would I go to all this trouble, if I hadn't?"

"No," he said thoughtfully. "No, I don't suppose you would. And all that talk about one people was part of the picture, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, Bill." She stooped to bring

her blue eyes level with his. "No, that's the truth. When you're one people you know exactly what you want, and you never pretend, and you always tell the truth, and you never get angry or upset." She paused. "Well, occasionally, you might," she said.

He reached out and drew her to his knees.

"I've got a different slant on this one people business," Bill said firmly. "It starts and ends with no one else in the world but you and me." *

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1 1/2 cups fine granulated sugar	chocolate, thinly shaved
1/2 cup salad oil	1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
5 unbeaten egg yolks	1 cup egg whites

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre of flour mixture and add salad oil, egg yolks, coffee and vanilla; mix liquids a little with mixing spoon; combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Add chocolate and beat to combine (a potato peeler shaves chocolate thinly). Sprinkle cream of tartar over the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff (much stiffer than for a meringue). Gradually fold egg-yolk mixture into the egg-white mixture. Turn into ungreased 10" deep tube pan (top inside measure) and bake in rather slow oven 325°, 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Immediately cake is baked, invert pan and allow cake to hang, suspended, until cold. (To "hang" cake, rest tube of inverted pan on a funnel or rest rim of pan on 3 inverted small cups.) Remove cake carefully from pan and cover with a brown-sugar 7-minute frosting in which strong coffee is used in place of the usual water.

By Wilma Tait

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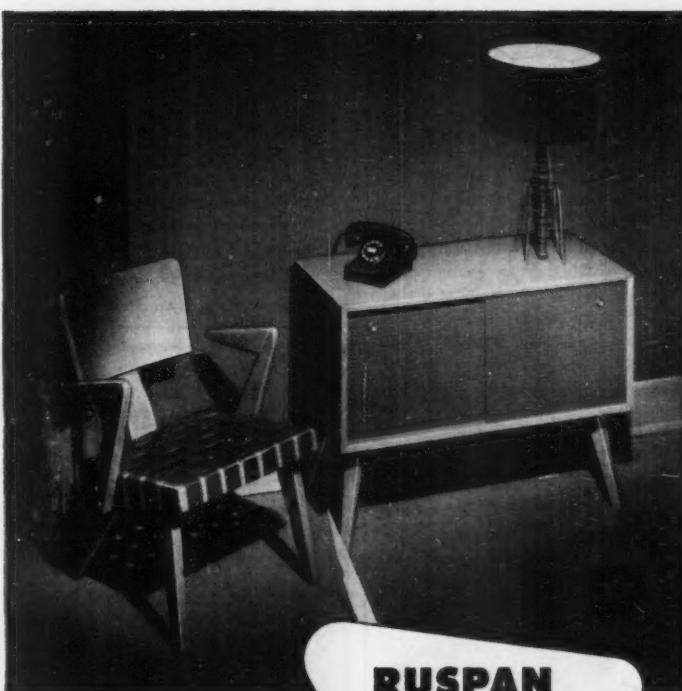
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Stuffed Spareribs that Spare the Budget

The individual rolls of stuffed spareribs are simmered to juicy tenderness in apple juice to which a few raisins have been added.



FRUITED STUFFED SPARERIBS

2 pounds pork spareribs
½ cup chopped onion
4 tablespoons butter or margarine, heated
4 cups coarse soft bread crumbs
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sage
1 can (20 ounces) apple juice
½ cup seedless raisins, washed
1½ tablespoons flour

Wipe spareribs with a damp cloth and cut into 5 or 6 pieces. Sauté onion in heated butter or margarine. Combine bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon of the salt, pepper, sage and onion mixture. Spread spareribs with stuffing; roll up each piece and tie securely. Coat rolls with seasoned flour and brown in a little heated shortening. Place rolls in a deep saucepan and add 2 cups of the apple juice, raisins and remaining ½ teaspoon salt. Cover closely and simmer, turning once, until meat is tender—about 2 hours. Smoothly blend remaining apple juice into the flour; stir into sauce and cook, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened. Yield: 5 or 6 servings.

Roll Up Flavor in Swiss Steak

This recipe stretches less than 2 pounds of steak to serve 6 people—a fine company or family dish. A thin slice of round steak is the meat, bread cubes the extender—the whole simmered in a savory tomato sauce.



STUFFED SWISS STEAK ROLL

An unusual version of Swiss steak with plenty of delicately-spiced gravy. Left-over roll may be sliced thinly and served cold, either with hot vegetables or a salad.

1½-pound piece thinly-sliced round steak
½ cup chopped onion

3½ cups ½-inch cubes of bread
3 tablespoons butter or margarine, heated
½ cup diced celery
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2½ cups (20-ounce can) tomatoes
3 whole cloves
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
or 2 teaspoons dried parsley
¼ cup cold water
2 tablespoons flour

Wipe steak with a damp cloth. Fry onion and

bread cubes in heated butter or margarine until onion is golden and bread flecked with brown. Mix in celery, ½ teaspoon of the salt and ½ teaspoon of the pepper. Spread steak with stuffing; roll up rather tightly and tie securely. Brown meat roll in a little heated shortening. Place roll in a deep saucepan and add tomatoes, remaining ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper, cloves, sugar and parsley. Cover closely and simmer, turning once, until meat is tender—1½ to 2 hours. Smoothly blend the cold water into flour; stir into sauce and cook, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened. Slice meat for serving and pass the sauce. Yield: 6 servings.

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Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!

TEETH AND TEETHING

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

Baby's first tooth is a big event. It usually appears at about six months of age, although it seemed on the point of doing so weeks before. A few babies start teething a little earlier—other perfectly healthy youngsters considerably later. Babies who develop rickets because they have not been given vitamin D (preferably as high potency fish-liver oil) regularly from an early age are slow cutting their teeth, and there are a few other unusual conditions that also have the same effect. Once in a long time a baby is born with a tooth and if it interferes with nursing or is loose it has to be removed.

Teeth Formed in Pregnancy

Fifty years ago many illnesses, even including convulsions, were improperly blamed on teething. Today we know that serious disturbances in baby's health aren't due to cutting teeth. Most babies behave as usual when their teeth are coming through. Others may be a little irritable and wakeful and often the gum over the tooth is red and swollen. They may drool a little more and their appetites are not up to par, but once the tooth appears all these minor troubles clear up. After your baby gets its first tooth he should gnaw pieces of tough toast or baby biscuits after his main daytime meals. Chewing hard foods helps his jaws develop, and children of all ages should have such food every day.

You would naturally expect that a baby's teeth would develop after he is born. Actually, though, all his baby or primary teeth begin to form early in pregnancy and the crowns or "tops" of them start to calcify or harden about four months before birth. Even the tops or the crowns of four of his permanent or second teeth (the important six-year

Neglect of baby teeth made this "space maintainer" necessary. It holds back the permanent molar.



Discourage your child from eating sweets between meals. Remember, an apple a day helps prevent tooth decay.

molars) have started to form by the time he is born.

Puppies whose mothers have been fed poor rations have poorly developed teeth. No doubt the same holds true for human babies. So to make sure your baby has the best possible teeth you should eat excellent meals during the prenatal period. The food factors in milk (skimmed if advised), fish-liver oil, citrus fruits and tomatoes and green and orange vegetables are all essential in tooth development.

There are 20 baby teeth all told and they are nearly always all in place by the age of two and a half years. Usually the first of his permanent or second teeth to appear are the six-year molars. They come in just behind the last baby teeth. As they do not replace any teeth in coming through, some mothers mistake them for more baby teeth. Unfortunately they often have deep crevices and pits in their "tops" or crowns—due to the fact that the four parts from which they develop have not fused together tightly. As decay is apt to begin in these crevices because they are so hard to clean, you should take your child to your dentist regularly so that he can examine them carefully. Some dentists repair these faults in the enamel with small fillings and so prevent decay from starting there.

Neglect is Costly

Some mothers don't pay much attention to their youngsters' baby teeth. Presumably they argue that they are all going to fall out anyway, so why worry about saving them. This is a poor policy.

The primary or baby teeth are really important to your child's health and they deserve expert care. They of course are necessary for the proper chewing of his food, which aids digestion greatly,

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during much of his growing period. The primary teeth also influence the growth of his jaws and arches and are especially important as guides which assist the permanent teeth to come in straight.

If your child's baby molars are so badly decayed that they have to be pulled out before they are lost normally, then the first permanent molar (six-year molar) moves forward and leaves too little space for the 10 other permanent teeth that have to come through ahead of it. As a result the front teeth are crowded and crooked which makes them unsightly and inefficient and much more liable to decay.

It is cheaper in the long run to keep your child's teeth in repair than to neglect them and later on to have them straightened. If a primary tooth is lost prematurely, an appliance called a space maintainer may be needed. This prevents the first permanent molar from moving forward and closing the space. Needless to say untreated decayed teeth affect your child's health and increase his chances of developing anaemia.

To keep your youngster's teeth and gums in good condition you should begin taking him regularly to your dentist at 2½ to 3 years of age. Your dentist

may wish to see him oftener than once every six months to keep his mouth in good shape. With this type of preventive service the youngster considers these visits a part of his regular routine. Although his teeth appear to be perfect, early hidden defects may be discovered. Most dentists believe that bite-wing X-ray pictures of children's teeth are the only means of discovering defects early when they can be cared for promptly and without pain. This is economically sound for the family as no major dental work should be necessary.

Tooth decay starts on the outside of the teeth and is due to certain bacteria or germs that are present in the mouth. These germs produce an acid from sugar. This acid then eats or etches a hole on the surface of the tooth.

When sugar or other sweet foods form part of a meal, the acid produced from the sugar is diluted and washed away by the other foods eaten. But when very sweet foods like candies or chocolate bars, that are 70 to 80% sugar, are eaten between meals, they are particularly injurious because a great deal of acid is formed and it is all free to damage the teeth. Therefore you should do everything you can to discour-

age your youngsters from eating candies, chocolate bars, pop and other sweet foods between meals. Eating them at frequent intervals is the worst of all. Practicing what you preach is naturally essential. Between-meal sweets also reduce the youngster's appetite for his regular meals.

The logical time to brush the teeth is immediately after meals and preferably after snacks or candies as well. If it's impossible to do this, rinse your mouth out well with water. Your youngsters should follow this routine also, because in this way the acid resulting from sugar is largely removed. Brushing your teeth before breakfast has a cosmetic effect only. Brushing them at bedtime is also relatively unimportant, unless you indulge in a bedtime snack.

When baby's first tooth shows you should clean it and the others as they appear with a piece of absorbent cotton wound round your finger. At about a year and a half or a little later, you should start using a small toothbrush and a mild-flavored toothpaste. Small, flat-topped toothbrushes are best at all ages.

There is no doubt that children living in areas where the drinking water contains about one part per million of fluoride have less tooth decay than children using water that lacks this substance. Tests are now under way in Brantford and several cities to see if the addition of a similar amount of fluoride to water that is low in it will be beneficial.

Also several reports have been published on the value of applying weak solutions of sodium fluoride directly to children's teeth after they have been cleaned. Following this treatment, the reduction in decay has ranged from 25 to 40%. It is apparent, therefore, that this does not provide the whole solution to the problem. Also the method is still under test. Tablets, lozenges and dentifrices containing fluoride are not effective.

The effectiveness of ammonia-urea compounds in mouth washes and dentifrices is also under examination at the present time and although they seem to be of some value, are still in the experimental stages. Now they are trying out the effects of adding penicillin to tooth powder, but it is too early to say how effective it is or whether there will be disadvantages to its use. *

**Mrs. E. V. Burns
of Saint John, N.B.
wins \$1,000 in big**

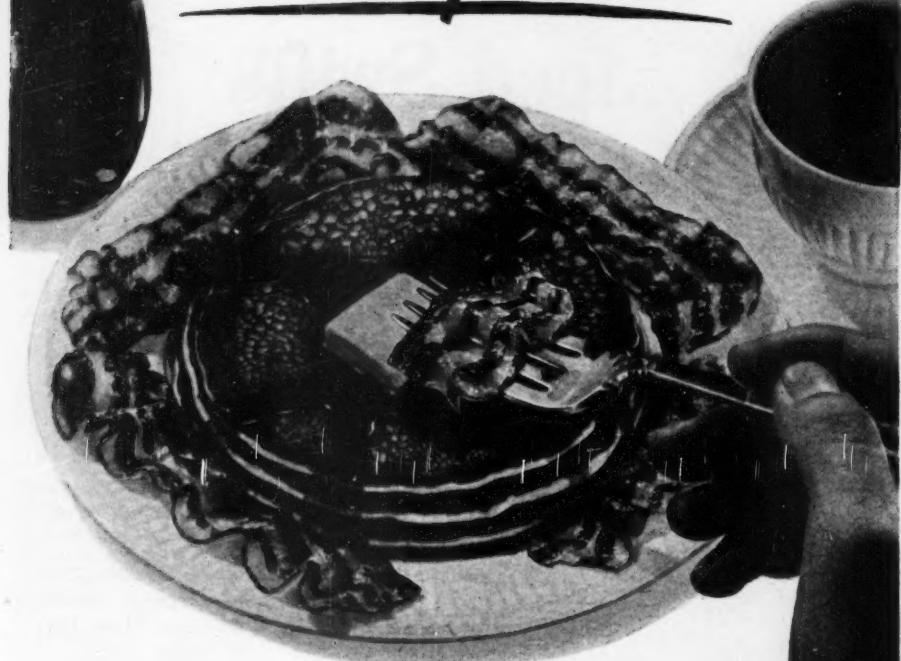
OGILVIE

"NAME THE GAME" CONTEST!

Second and third prizes go to Mrs. F. Roberts of Lakeland, Man., and Helen Hughes, R.N., Westmount, Que. respectively. The complete list of winners is given below:

Winners	Prize Money
Mrs. E. V. Burns, Saint John, N.B.	\$1,000
Mrs. F. Roberts, Lakeland, Man.	500
Helen Hughes, R.N., Westmount, P.Q.	250
Miss Win Lozanski, Winnipeg, Man.	10
Mrs. G. S. Brown, Lethbridge, Alta.	10
Mme. Roger Giguere, Lac Megantic, P.Q.	10
Mrs. J. H. Nelson, Prince Albert, Sask.	10
Mrs. Fred Pratt, North Vancouver, B.C.	10
Mr. W. A. Kelin, St. Boniface, Man.	10
Mrs. James E. Johnston, Napanee, Ont.	10
Mrs. F. W. Oakes, Regina, Sask.	10
Mrs. Thelma Smith, Nanaimo, B.C.	10
Mrs. L. W. Henley, Picton, Ont.	10
Mrs. Jean Lyon, Clifferest, P.Q., Ont.	10
Mrs. George Brewtnall, Ansonville, Ont.	10
Mrs. C. Furman, West Hill, Ont.	10
Mrs. Katherine Hanson, Vernon, B.C.	10
Miss Sylvia Roy, Moncton, N.B.	10
Frances LaVaughn Chute, South Berwick, N.S.	10
Mrs. J. E. LeBlanc, Amherst, N.S.	10
Mrs. F. Marshall, Dawson Creek, B.C.	10
Mr. D. McKinnon, Saskatoon, Sask.	10
Dan R. Green, Prince Albert, Sask.	10
Thelma Manarey, Edmonton, Alta.	10
Mrs. J. D. Henderson, Lethbridge, Alta.	10
Miss Daisy Kane, Truro, N.S.	10
Mrs. Keith F. Tutt, Kelowna, B.C.	10
Mrs. James Frame, Vancouver Island, B.C.	10

Hearty Hit!

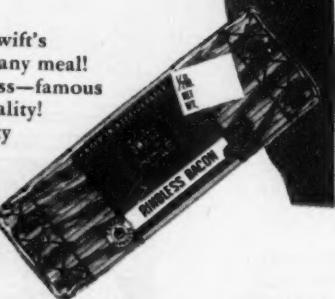


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CHILDLESS COUPLE

Continued from page 15

or "relative sterility" (inability to maintain a pregnancy beyond the early months). Then she will undergo a series of routine examinations, including:

A general physical examination to make sure that she is in good general health (especially to establish her freedom from active tuberculosis or syphilis).

A pelvic examination to discover any possible tumors or congenital malformations which might be hindering pregnancy.

A cervical and vaginal investigation, including "Huhner's Test," which is designed to reveal whether an adequate number of healthy sperm are reaching the uterus.

A tubal investigation, whereby oil or air is inserted into the Fallopian tubes to test whether they are open.

An endocrine examination, including a basal metabolism test, especially for women who show a history of irregular menstrual periods and who are suspected of not ovulating (producing eggs) properly. Sometimes an additional test, called an endometrial biopsy, is done too: that is, a small piece of the lining of the uterus is removed for closer examination.

During the approximately six weeks she is undergoing these tests the patient will likely acquire a far better understanding of the amazing process of human reproduction than she has ever had before. For instance, one large medical diagram displayed at the clinic will show her how, before a baby can be created, a sufficiently large number of male sperm must make their way through the vagina and uterus and into the Fallopian tubes where one of them must unite with the waiting female egg . . . How, after fertilization, the egg must make its way down into the uterus and embed itself firmly there in the soft lining of the womb . . . And how, if the sperm is not sufficiently healthy in the first place; or if it is blocked at any point on its tortuous journey; or if the egg is not waiting or the fertilized ovum does not succeed in attaching itself inside the uterus, there can be no baby.

But the delicate process of reproduction can be upset in a great many indirect

ways. Fatigue can make a woman temporarily sterile and faulty nutrition is often to blame (a high protein diet helps to correct this condition). Whether a woman has an orgasm during marital intercourse has nothing to do with her capacity to conceive a child, and many so-called frigid wives achieve frequent pregnancies. But a couple can apparently "want a baby too much," and there are certain emotional and hysterical states which can so convulse the female reproductive organs as to bar conception.

Some psychiatrists are convinced that if a woman hates her husband, or despises her feminine role in life or is emotionally immature, or if while outwardly craving a child she is subconsciously reluctant to become pregnant, a state of "functional sterility" may occur.

But doctors do not always agree on such "functional" cases, as demonstrated in the story of Mrs. R., 31 years old, who visited a doctor after several years sterility. The doctor, noting that "she seemed subject to nervous tension and unbalanced emotions," gave Mrs. R. the first routine examinations and found her in good

physical condition. But when later tests revealed that her Fallopian tubes were tight shut, blocked and knotted, he told her that unless she wanted to go ahead with medical treatment she could not become pregnant. The woman declined the treatment—but two months later she wrote him that she was going to have a baby.

Says the psychiatrist: "Very interesting. This woman was unconsciously afraid of pregnancy. Once she was assured by the doctor that it couldn't happen, her tension disappeared and immediately she was able to conceive."

Says the physician who gave the test: "Nonsense! What happened was that the oil inserted during the cervical examination must have loosened up the knotted tubes so the male cells could enter."

Who's right in this medico-psychological debate? And what support is to be found for the psychiatrists' viewpoint in the surprising number of apparently sterile wives who finally adopt a child—and then proceed to bear children of their own? Does caring for their adopted children awaken hidden maternal feelings of love and tenderness, which make them more mentally and

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emotionally relaxed? Who can say—yet almost any obstetrician or gynecologist will tell you of such occurrences among his patients.

There is also considerable difference of opinion in the purely biological field when it comes to the question of how to determine at what time in the month the female egg is ready for fertilization.

Theoretically, each month a normal woman's ovaries produce a tiny follicle which remains intact for about four days and then breaks open, releasing an egg so small it is almost invisible. This egg proceeds to move through the Fallopian tube into the uterus, and if there is to be a pregnancy the egg must be fertilized by a healthy male sperm before it reaches its destination. Unfortunately, since an egg spends all its short life hidden deep inside a woman's body, doctors have no chance to examine it closely, and all their calculations regarding it have to be done largely on speculation.

When is an egg formed? At what specific time does it begin its journey to the uterus? How fast does it move? How long does it take to get there?

Doctors admit they don't know for sure. They doubt that the egg, or ovum, is capable of being fertilized for a period of longer than 12 hours in any one month (some think less), or that the male sperm can remain active much longer than 48 hours, but they're at a loss to explain the case of the mother-of-six who com-

plains that she can become pregnant at any time of the month.

To make matters even more complicated, some women's time of ovulation changes from month to month, as evidenced by irregular menstrual cycles. And doctors have made the surprising discovery that a woman doesn't necessarily produce an egg every time she menstruates. Some childless wives have been found to produce only three or four eggs in a year.

Doctors generally agree that the most likely time for a woman to become pregnant is about 14 days before the start of her next menstrual period. Some doctors advise their patients to consider the eleventh to sixteenth day after the start of their previous menstrual period as a possible ovulation time.

Husbands at Fault

One American doctor claims he can predict within six to 12 hours the most likely time in the month for a woman to conceive. Canadian doctors are sceptical about such "precision forecasting" but many of them advise the use of a temperature chart. This is a graph on which a wife records her early-morning temperature for each day, over a period of several months, and which is supposed to depict a sharp drop, followed immediately by a sharp rise, in mid-month at the approximate time of ovulation.



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One of the most difficult things a doctor often faces in trying to help the childless couple is the unco-operative attitude often encountered on the part of the husband at any suggestion that he may be to some extent responsible. And yet there is at least a 50% chance that he is—and only a proper medical examination, usually by a urologist, can determine the degree of fertility of the male cell.

A doctor who lends his services to the genito-urinary clinic at Toronto General Hospital says that "well over 50%" of the husbands who attend that clinic prove to be at least partially responsible for their childless marriage; and adds that he is tempted to put the proportion as high as 80%. A report from a typical clinic in England states that in a series of 236 barren couples examined, the husband was found to have some degree of responsibility in at least 60% of the cases.

An American anatomist, Edmond J. Farris (author of a recent textbook, "Human Fertility and Problems of the Male") claims that two thirds of the time it's the man who's to blame. "Only 40% of men are highly fertile and can have children easily," he explains. "Another 35% to 40% are fairly fertile, while 20% to 25% probably won't ever become fathers because they are either subfertile or infertile."

Other authorities are convinced, however, that the number of men whose fertility cannot be satisfactorily improved is much smaller than this would indicate. Drs. Mazer and Israel have reported on the treatment of 56 men with reduced sperm counts, 28 of whom subsequently became fathers. Of 37 more severely affected men, 19 were successfully treated; and of 697 childless couples treated, only 38 husbands—or 5.5%—were not helped. At Toronto General Hospital doctors estimate conservatively that 30% of the men attending their genito-urinary clinic are (or can be) improved by treatment.

If hormone and other treatments do prove unavailing in the case of the husband, it is possible in some large American centres for the wife to undergo artificial insemination, receiving the healthy sperm of a donor in a simple clinical procedure as impersonal as receiving blood from a blood bank. In certain cases, artificial insemination is also employed using the husband's sperm, where normal intercourse has failed to produce pregnancy.

The legal implications of having a "test tube baby," however, are so serious (for instance, is such a child to be considered legitimate?) that the practice is frowned on by most physicians in this country. One woman gynecologist here told me, "Even if I could I wouldn't want to try artificial insemination with my patients. They're too risky medically, and the psychological problems that may arise are enormous. Sterility patients in my experience are in no mood to be scientifically detached about having a baby."

But short of such artificial procedures, there is indeed great hope today for the childless couple. And those for whom the best medical assistance proves unavailing are urged by the same woman doctor to adopt a child and give it their wholehearted love—either that, or accept their childless state gracefully and make something really constructive of it.



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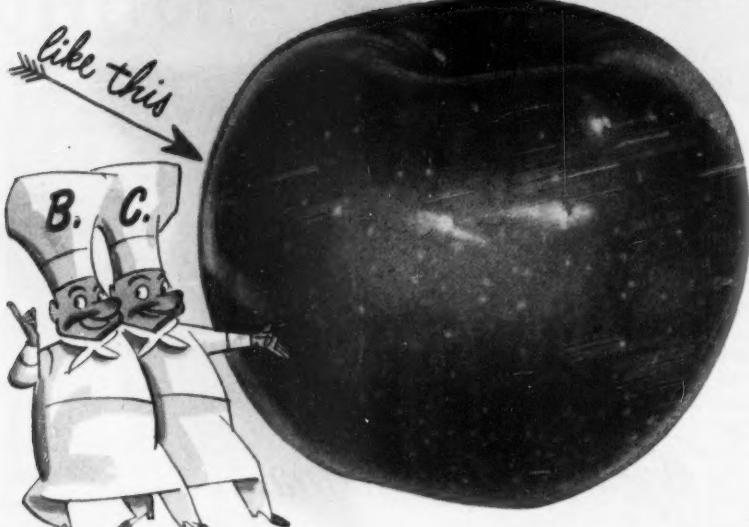
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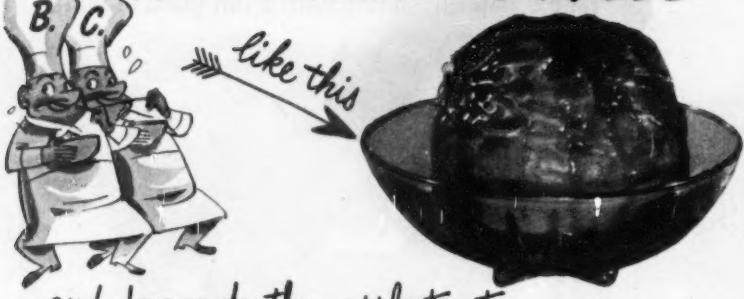
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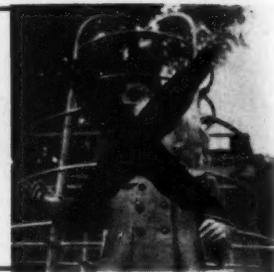
At better fruit dealers everywhere . . .

B.C. NEWTOWNS



READER TAKES OVER

"My Child Loves Nursery School"



I Agree

Dear Editor: I agree wholeheartedly with the article by Betty Watford Steele in November Chatelaine, "I Won't Send My Child to Nursery School."

—Katherine Crawford,

Sillery, Que.

If Forced

. . . I would no more send my child while very tiny to a nursery school than I would substitute artificial for natural feeding during his early infancy, but if I were forced to I would be happy that they existed.

—Mrs. Aikens,

Halifax, N.S.

Is Motherhood Enough?

. . . No doubt many privately owned pre-schools are harmful. But to condemn them all is unfair.

Let us realize that a "good" pre-school is beneficial whether the child is being sent because mother is working, living accommodation is not satisfactory or because mother won't accept responsibility; or whether the child comes from a happy, healthy home where he is loved and wanted and where mother feels that the pre-school has something to offer her child that she cannot provide.

—Mrs. Edith Frankham,

Victoria, B.C.

At Twenty-Two Months

. . . We sent our daughter Beverly to nursery school at 22 months. Our decision was reached after several consultations with her doctor and the school officials. It is apparently a too-well-known fact to nursery school officials that parents find it much more difficult to adjust than do the children. It is so much easier to tie them to your apron strings than to let them go out on their own . . . after a few days my "little girl" was anxious to prepare for school each morning while I was still filled with longings for my "baby."

Mrs. Donald C. Whitney,

Toronto, Ont.

Both Catch Colds

. . . It is unfortunate that Mrs. Steele's stimulating article should contain so many errors of fact. For example, her statement that nursery school children have more infectious diseases than the child at home shows a total lack of scientific information. Our own research study on number and duration of colds for nursery school compared with a similar group of children at home is available in our files. Mrs. Steele might also refer to a pamphlet "Do nursery school children have more colds?" by Isabelle Diehl, published by the National Association for Nursery Education, Chicago, price 10c. Both these show no significant difference in the prevalence of this common infection in the two groups.—Mary L. Northway, Supervisor of Research, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.

Wants Every Minute

. . . Even if a nursery school existed in our town, I would not patronize it because I count my children's first years all too short, and I want them spent at home, where I can enjoy every minute of their development.

—Mrs. J. E. Hamilton,

Port Coquitlam, B.C.

Off the Beam

. . . I certainly breathed a sigh of relief when I got to the end of the article and noticed that you were inviting others to send in their opinions. It is hard to refrain from going through the article sentence by sentence and pointing out where Betty Steele has "gotten off the beam."

—Mrs. Marcia Findlay, Supervisor, Dickory Dock Nursery School, Brantford, Ont.

No Fear

. . . There is absolutely no need for the first few days at nursery school to be ones of "emotional upheaval" in any child. My child went to nursery school when he was three years old and he loved it from the very first moment.

—Mrs. David P. Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

Saw For Herself

. . . Last week one of the staff was absent from the nursery school my child attends and I filled in as a poor substitute. I spent a wonderful morning and came home feeling most mothers could learn a lot from nursery school attendants.

—Mrs. T. N. Cole, Toronto, Ont.

Less Insanity?

. . . The waiting list for beds in our mental hospitals might have been much shortened if more adults of today had had nursery school training yesterday.

—Evelyn Matthews,

Peterborough, Ont.



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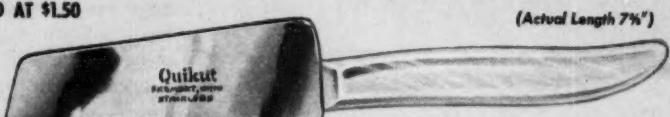
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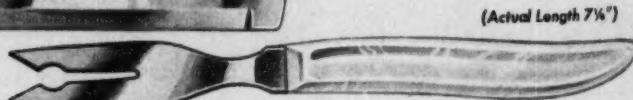
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